

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. VI. No. 7.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JULY, 1905.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

A Short Love Story

Written specially
for The Western
Home Monthly



"ALPH, am I going to die?" asked Norman Bradford, in a weak voice.

Dr. Adair's keen black eyes suddenly dimmed as he looked into the face of his friend. His voice was husky as he tried to answer cheerfully:

"My dear fellow, while there is life there is hope."

"Ralph, your reply is evasive. I must know the truth. Can I live?"

For a moment the physician's lips quivered. His heart was touched. He took his patient's hand as he said, tremulously:

"No, my poor fellow, your hours are numbered."

"I thought so," calmly returned the sick man. "Call Bessie, then kindly leave us for a while."

The doctor left the room, and soon a pretty girl, with large blue eyes, entered.

"Do you want me, Guardy?" she asked in low, sweet tones.

"Yes, Bessie. Close the door please, and come to me."

She obeyed. When she had reached his bedside Norman took her hands in his feeble clasp.

"Bessie, the doctor says I am dying. You are poor, and when I die will be friendless. I want you to inherit my wealth. There is but one way in which you can do that without reproach, dear—you must become my wife."

The girl literally held her breath. How was she to answer him? Once, twice, she essayed to speak, but though her lips moved, no words came.

"It will be only for a few hours at most, Bessie," the weak voice went on, "and it will comfort me inexpressibly to know that I leave you provided for."

There was not a word about love. Bessie looked searchingly into the pale face, and her own color faded.

"I cannot," she said. "But—Oh, dear friend, it is hard to know that I must lose you."

So Bessie Graham knelt by the supposed deathbed of her guardian, while the minister, who had been quickly summoned, spoke the words that made them husband and wife.

Bessie was an orphan. When her father died he left her—then a child—to the care of Norman Bradford, his esteemed and trusted friend, and most faithfully had that friend discharged the obligation.

Bessie's scanty fortune had been sufficient to educate her; but now the last dollar was spent and she was dependent on her guardian for support.

As child and maiden she had looked up to him as her dearest friend. Now that he was dying and wished her to be his wife, she never dreamed of opposing him; his wish was her care. Her tears fell fast as she knelt there.

With the last words of the ceremony

the close clasp of his hand relaxed, and she thought he was gone. But he was not dead; only sleeping.

Dr. Adair shook his head as he examined his patient's pulse, and said he could not possibly survive the night; but he was mistaken; the morning brought a decided change for the better. It was even possible that he might live.

Bessie watched over her husband faithfully. She could not have been more watchful for his comfort—more solicitous for his recovery.

But as the weeks passed and Norman slowly struggled back to life she began to avoid being left alone with him. He noticed the change and it troubled him greatly.

"She does not love me and regrets our unfortunate marriage," he thought, sorrowfully. "It is more than I can bear! Why did I not die? Death would have been preferable to this torture."

"I cannot endure it—I cannot. I must go away."

So, the next morning, before Bessie made her appearance, Norman left the old home and went to the city, some twenty miles distant, for the purpose of making arrangements with his lawyer, who resided there, for his wife's support. As yet he was undecided what his next step would be.

When Bessie went to breakfast she was surprised to find a note beside her plate. She hastily tore it open and read:

"Dear Bessie—I am going away, forgive me that I did not say farewell. I dare not meet you again. Forgive me, too, for the wrong I did you in asking you to marry me; had I dreamed that my life would be spared I never would have fettered you so. But Ralph said I had but a few hours to live, and, before Heaven, I believed him."

"You have borne it patiently; but trust me, Bessie, you shall be free again. I claim nothing of the past, and I can restore you to the future. Two years must elapse, however, before we can obtain a legal separation."

"I wish you would stay in the old home with your faithful servants until other arrangements can be made. Just now I am too mentally shattered to

think of our future. It will be best for you not to write to me; what comfort would your letters be to either? You cannot love, and I must have your love or nothing. Yours ever,

"Norman Bradford."

For several minutes Bessie sat staring at the words before her, her breath coming in short, quick gasps. Then she rushed down the stairs and almost into the arms of kind Mrs. Powell, the housekeeper, who had been a mother to the orphan since her guardian's home had been her abiding place.

"Auntie, please tell me where Norman is?" she pleaded. "I must go to him."

"But, dearie, why the need? He has only gone to see his lawyer, Mr. Latimer."

"Oh, you don't understand. He has left me forever!" said Bessie, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I love my husband with all my heart and strength, and he must know it! I must go—it would kill me to stay here!"

In an incredibly short time the excited girl was ready for her journey, and the day was not far advanced when she found herself at the law office, where she learned that Norman had been too ill on his arrival to transact any business, and Mr. Latimer had taken him home with him.

Bessie entered a cab and was rapidly driven to the lawyer's residence. She was shown to the room which had been prepared for Norman's exclusive use. Here, on a sofa, she found him stretched, motionless, with closed eyes, as though asleep.

She quietly advanced until she stood beside him.

Suddenly the gray eyes opened, and Bessie, with a broken sob, flung herself by her husband's side, and was gathered to his breast in an ecstasy of passionate joy.

"Am I dreaming?" he said huskily, "or this indeed Bessie Graham?"

"Not Bessie Graham, dearest Norman, but Bessie Bradford, who has come to tell you that she loves you with all her heart! Oh, Norman, we have both suffered unnecessarily. I thought you married me for pity, not for love, while I—well, I must have loved you always, I think."

"My precious wife! You have given me back my life!" cried her husband.

And Bessie, meeting the gaze of his love-lit eyes, no longer doubted his love.

Microbe Eat Microbe.

An oblling microbe who devours unoblling microbes is the newest acquisition to the microbe population as discovered by science. A Scotchman named Neilson, who has been resident for some time in Italy, is said to have found this accommodating creature, which lives on all zymotic germs in sewage, and when it has completed its task no longer encumbers the earth but dies and dissolves. Mr. Neilson is said to have invented an automatic biological tank, applicable to dwelling houses of any description, wherein his microbe disports itself by transforming the sewage into odorless, colorless liquid which is perfectly innocuous to human life, and may therefore be safely permitted to flow off into street drains, and thence into rivers. This transformed liquid has been subjected to the public analyst by order of the commune of Florence, and it is pronounced to be clear water but undrinkable.



YES OR NO.

Midsummer SPECIAL Sale

FOR two months, July and August, we present to the ladies of the West a very exceptional opportunity in our MIDSUMMER SPECIAL SALE. Prices are reduced extraordinarily, but vastly more important is the exceptionally high quality of the goods offered. High-grade, artistic ladies' clothing—dainty and exquisite in the most up-to-date styles of the season.

Here is a chance to test our Mail Order department. Remember—if purchase is not satisfactory money will be refunded in full. A big saving and absolute satisfaction is positively guaranteed to the mail order buyer during MIDSUMMER SPECIAL SALE.



No. 601. LADIES' SKIRT, as cut 601, made from all wool tweeds in dark Scotch effects. A very graceful hanging skirt, thoroughly tailored and cut in one of the most pleasing styles. Sizes 38 to 43. Regular \$7.50. **Special Sale..... \$4.75**

No. 602. LADIES' SKIRT, as cut 602, made from imported cheviot, trimming is of self straps and buttons, bottom finished with rows of silk stitching. Colors black, navy and oxford. All sizes 38 to 43. Regular \$2.50. **Special Sale..... \$1.75**

No. 603. LADIES' SKIRT, as cut 603, made from special quality cheviot. This is one of our very best styles, it flares nicely from the knee and is a very graceful, stylish skirt. Colors, gray, navy and black. Lengths, 38 to 43. Regular \$5.00. **Special Sale..... \$3.50**

No. 604. LADIES' SKIRT, made of pure wool tweeds, in light or dark colors, 19 gore style, thoroughly well made, sizes 38 to 43. Regular \$7.50. **Special Sale..... \$5.00**

No. 605. LADIES' SKIRT, as cut 605, made of fine all wool tweeds, choice of light or dark Scotch tweed effects. Length 38 to 43. Regular \$5.00. **Special Sale..... \$3.50**

No. 606. LADIES' BLACK SAT- EEN WRAPPER, as cut 606. Made from rich, heavy quality sateen, yoke and cuffs trimmed with fancy black and white braid. Full width skirt, waist lined, deep flounce at bottom, sizes 32 to 44. Regular value \$2.50. **Special Sale..... \$1.39**

No. 607. LADIES' BLACK SAT- EEN WRAPPER, as cut 607, made

from heavy fast color sateen, yoke trim- med with black faggoting, deep flounce at foot, waist lined, new leg-of-mutton sleeve; full, generous size skirt, size 32 to 44. Regular value \$3.00, **Special Sale..... \$1.69**

No. 608. LADIES' PRINT WRAP- PER, made of fast color guaranteed prints, in navy and white, and cardinal and white. Trimmed at yoke with self frills and at bottom with deep flounce. Sizes 32 to 44. Regular value 85c. **Special Sale..... 75c.**

No. 609. BLACK SAT- EEN UN- DER SKIRT, as cut 609. The best skirt ever offered at the price. Trimmed at foot with four accordion pleated frills, made of heavy, bright finished sateen. Our guarantee as to satisfaction. Lengths 38, 40 and 42. Regular value \$1.25. **Special Sale..... 75c.**

No. 610. BLACK SAT- EEN UN- DERSKIRT, as cut 610, made from rich satin finished sateen, trimmed at foot with 3 6-inch accordion pleated and tucked frills. Lengths 38, 40 and 42. Regular value \$2.25. **Special Sale..... \$1.39**

No. 611. LADIES' MUSLIN WAIST, as cut 611A, back view cut 611B. Made of fine white lawn, cuffs and front trimmed with dainty blind insertion, new leg-of-mutton sleeve, sizes 32 to 42. Regular price \$2.00. **Special Sale..... \$1.50**

No. 612. LADIES' CORSET COVER, made of fine even quality lawn, trimmed with valenciennes inser- tion, valenciennes lace and pretty medal- lions. Sizes 32 to 42. Regular value \$1.25. **Special Sale.. 65c.**

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A MONEY SAVER
WRITE FOR IT

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Traders
of the Great West. **WINNIPEG**

OUR CATALOGUE
MAILED FREE
ON REQUEST

Midsummer Special Sale



No. 650. Woman's Waist, as cut 650, made of fine white lawn, back and front formed of fine tucks and pretty open work insertion. Size 32 to 38 only. Regular value \$1.25. **Special Sale Price.... 60c.**

No. 651. Woman's Waist, as cut 651, made of fine washing quality Japanese silk, front of fine tucks and lace insertion, or entire front of hemstitched tucks, black or white. Size 32 to 42. **Special Sale Price..... \$2.50**

No. 652. Woman's Night Gown, as per cut 652, made of heavy flannelette, in plain, pink, or cream, fancy tucked yoke, trimmed with fancy silk stitching. Lengths 56, 58, and 60. Regular value \$1.25. **Special 79c. Sale Price**

No. 653. Woman's Night Gown, as per cut 653, made of imported cambric, yoke of pin tucks and fine insertion, and edged with embroidery. Lengths 56, 58, and 60. Regular value \$1.25. **Special Sale Price. \$1.00**

No. 654. Woman's Night Gown, as cut 654, made of extra quality flannelette, choice of cream or pink, yoke formed of hemstitched tucks and trimmed with embroidery. Size 56, 58 and 60. Regular value \$1.40. **Special 85c. Sale Price.....**

No. 655. Woman's Night Gown, as per cut 655, made of fine imported soft finish cottons, V-shaped yoke formed of hemstitched tucks and trimmed Swiss embroidery. Size 56, 58, and 60. Regular price \$1.00. **Special 60c. Sale Price**

No. 656. Woman's Flannelette Night Gown, as cut 656, made of fancy stripe flannelette in pinks and blues, high neck. Sizes 56, 58, and 60. Regular value 50c. **Special Sale Price..... 38c.**

No. 657. Woman's Gown, as cut 657, made of imported cottons, entire yoke is formed of pin tucks, edged with fine Swiss embroidery and finished with two large medallions. Size 56, 58, and 60. Regular value \$1.75. **Special Sale \$1.00 Price**

No. 658. Woman's Under-skirt, as cut 658, made of selected imported cottons, 18 inch flounce at bottom, trimmed with 8 hemstitched tucks and finished with 9 inch embroidery. Size 38, 40 and 42. Regular value \$1.50. **Special Sale Price..... 95c.**

No. 659. Woman's Skirt, as cut 659, made of even quality cambric, 15 inch flounce at bottom, trimmed with tucks and cambric embroidery. Lengths 56, 58 and 60. Regular value \$1.00. **Special Sale Price..... 68c.**

No. 660. Woman's Under-skirt, as cut 660, made of imported cottons, 18 inch frill at bottom, trimmed with hemstitching and fine tucks, and wide Swiss embroidery. Size 58 and 60. Regular value \$1.85. **Special Sale Price**

No. 661. Woman's Cambric Drawers, as cut 661, bottom finished with wide hemstitched tucks, open style only. Lengths 23, 25 and 27. Regular value 35c. **Special Sale Price..... 25c.**

No. 662. Woman's Knit Drawers, as cut 662, knee length, bottom finished with lace edge, gusset seat, perfect fitting, closed style only. Regular value 35c. **Special Sale Price**

No. 663. Woman's Under-vest, as cut 663, long sleeves, high neck, open front, correct wear for early fall wear. Small, medium and large, and extra large sizes. Regular value 35c. **Special Sale Price..... 20c.**

No. 664. Woman's Under-vest, as cut 664, made of selected cottons in bleached or natural color, fine rib. In small, medium or large size. Regular value 20c. **Sale Price 12½c.**

No. 665. Woman's Blouser, as cut 665, made of fine muslin, frills, hemstitched, light weight, full front. Size 32 to 38. Regular value 75c. **Special Sale Price..... 50c.**

A Postal brings Our Catalogue to your address

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
The Great Stores of the Great West. **WINNIPEG**

For Economy's Sake, send for Our Free Catalogue

Midsummer Special Sale

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
The Great Traders
of the Great West. **WINNIPEG**

Reserved Exclusively for Mail Order Customers

OUR CATALOGUE IS FREE FOR THE ASKING

MIDSUMMER SPECIAL SALE is made possible by the great successes our shrewd buyers have had lately in buying some big special consignments at very low prices, and also by many regular goods in our big stock, which we have cut down in price regardless of profit. The goods offered are strictly in style and thoroughly up-to-date. You have at once most reliable qualities, at prices not to be equalled elsewhere. We have turned over these great stocks to be sold to mail order customers only during July and August.



Specials in Fancy Collars

No. 301 Collar and Cuff Sets made from silk finished linen scrim, embroidered with silk in plain white, black and white, and pale blue and white. These are very dainty and fashionable. Regular price 75c. :: :: **Special sale, 59c**

No. 302 Made from taffeta silk, pleated tab, in all shades, trimmed with four rows of lace and buttons, very chic. Regular 85c. **Special sale, 23c**

No. 303 Made from chiffon, 4 rows of baby ribbon with knots, lace applique trimming and tab, in all shades. Regular price 75c. **Special sale, 43c**

No. 304 Made from taffeta silk, hemstitched, neatly edged with fine lace, 6 diagonal rows of lace insertion, button trimmed, very handsome, a full range of colors. Regular 85c. :: :: **Special sale, 25c**

No. 305 A very handsome collar, made from heavy taffeta silk, tucked, finished with silk braid, edged with ruching, with lace insertion, prettily introduced, finished with cut steel buckle, in all assorted colors. Regular 65c. **Special sale, 43c**

No. 306 Made from pure taffeta silk, in a full range of shades, 4 rows of hemstitching, daintily edged with fine lace, button trimmed. Regular 80c. :: :: **Special sale, 19c**

Belt Specials

No. 307 Made from taffeta silk, pleated, ruching at sides, 3 tabs at back, with rings and buttons, in brown, cream and navy blue, a ladylike and stylish belt. Regular 75c. :: :: **Special sale, 47c**

No. 308 Made from black taffeta silk, tucked, with oxidized buckle in front, a handsome belt. Regular 40c. :: :: **Special sale, 23c**

No. 309 Made from black taffeta silk, tucked, shirred and pleated, finished with black rings, a stylish belt suitable for mourning. Regular 75c. **Special sale, 48c**

An Extra Special in Kid Gloves

No. 310 Made by one of the most noted French manufacturers from fine selected skins, pique sewn, Paris points, in black and a full range of shades, all sizes. Regular \$1 per pair. **Special sale, 58c**

Stocking Specials

No. 311 Made from the finest of pure cashmere wool, heavily embroidered with silk in red, blue, white, yellow, etc., guaranteed fast black, the finest quality produced in a cashmere stocking, all sizes. Regular 75c per pair. **Special sale, 49c**

No. 312 Fine black cashmere stocking, absolutely all pure wool, guaranteed fast color, all sizes. Regular 85c per pair. **Special sale, 25c**

No. 385 Special cotton hose, made from pure carded cotton, guaranteed fast color, all sizes. Regular 20c per pair. **Special sale, 2 pairs for 25c**

Smallwares at Small Prices

No. 313 Garter elastic, fine web, 3/4 in., in a full range of shades. Reg. 15c yd. **Special sale, 8c**

No. 314 Fine silk frilled garter elastic, 1 in. wide, in a full range of shades, splendid quality. Regular 25c per yd. :: :: **Special sale, 15c**

No. 315 Hook on hose supporters, made from first quality elastic, non-tearing fasteners, in black and full range of shades. Regular 25c :: :: **Special sale, 15c**

No. 316 One quarter pound best English brass pins, non-rustable, the best pin made, put up in neat metal box. Regular 25c. **Special sale, 15c**

No. 317 Black headed skirt or toilet pins, 10 on card, 4 1/2 in. long, large heads. Regular 5c per card. :: :: **Special sale price, 2 for 5c**

No. 318 Black headed skirt or toilet pins, 18 on card, 2 in. long. Regular price 5c per card. **Special sale price, 2 for 5c**

No. 319 Turfloid buck combs, splendid quality, imitation tortoise shell. Regular 15c per pair. **Special sale price, per pair, 14c**

No. 320 Same as No. 319 only larger size. Regular 35c per pair. **Special sale price, per pair, 20c**

No. 321 Tape measure, very strong, 60 inches, brass tipped. Regular 10c each. :: **Special sale, 4c**

No. 322 Linen honeycomb towels, splendid quality, heavy make, size 23x41, fringed, white border. Regular 50c per pair. **Special sale price, each 19c**

No. 323 Enamel stick pins, in a variety of designs, including Dominion ensign, Manitoba coat-of-arms, British ensign, maple leaf, etc. Very pretty and well made. Regular 25c each. **Special sale, 12 1/2c**

Nos. 324-5-6-8 Enamel souvenir hat pins, same designs as No. 323. Very recherche and neat. Regular 25c each. **Special sale price, 12 1/2c**

No. 327 Sterling silver enamel souvenir brooches, same designs as No. 323. These are very dainty and are suitable remembrances of Manitoba and the Dominion of Canada. Regular price 35c each. **Special sale, 23c**

Three Specials in Hand Bags

No. 329 Made from fine grained leather, 4 1/2 inches long, moreen lined, heavy metal trimming. Regular 25c. **Special sale, 19c**

No. 330 Made from fine walrus grained leather, 7 inches long, in black, brown, tan, fawn and grey, plaited leather handle, sateen lined, coin purse, dull or bright metal trimmings. Regular price 50c. **Special sale, 39c**

No. 331 The same purse as No. 330, but 8 1/2 inches long. Regular 85c. :: :: **Special sale, 59c**

Some Specials in Dress Goods and Silks

50c Black and White Tweed Suiting for 30c

No. 386 Tweed suiting, guaranteed all pure wool, in neat pen dot, check and stripe effects, correct weight for unlined skirts, fashionable for tailored or shirt waist suits. Regular price 50c per yard. **Special sale, 30c**

Sample mailed free.

\$1.00 Navy Tweed Voile for 65c

No. 387 Tweed voile, made from high grade selected wool, in navy blue only, semi sheer, crisp finish. Very stylish and fashionable for shirt waist suits, separate skirts, etc. Reg. \$1 yd. **Special sale 65c**

Sample mailed free.

\$1.00 Silk and Wool Eolienne for 75c

No. 388 Eolienne, the queen of dress fabrics, soft, sheer and silky, in beautiful shades of grey, bisque, champagne, fawn, resula, etc. A charming and popular material for summer or evening gowns, waists, etc. Regular \$1.00. **Special sale, 75c**

Sample mailed free.

A Special in Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine

No. 389 Crepe de chene, the most fashionable material on the market, in navy, brown, cardinal, cream, sky, etc. A dainty fabric for evening, tea or reception gowns, dresses, waists, etc. **Special sale price per yd., 75c**

Sample mailed free.

50c Canvas Cloth for 35c

No. 390 Canvas cloth, in Oxford grey and green only. A firm material of a good weight for unlined skirts. Correct and fashionable.

Hammocks at a Bargain

AN EXTRA SPECIAL

No. 384 Closely woven hammock with valances, head pillow, spreaders and metal trimmings complete, full size. Reg. \$2.50. **Special sale, \$1.99**

We carry a splendid range of hammocks of British and American manufacture. All are guaranteed to be

able for tailored or shirt waist suits, separate skirts, etc. Reg. 50c. **Special sale price, 35c**

Sample mailed free.

45c Black Estamine Serge, 32c

No. 391 Estamine serge, guaranteed all pure wool, fast color, 42 inches wide. This is made by the best manufacturer of this class of goods in England, and satisfaction is warranted. Regular 45c. **Special sale price, 32c**

Sample mailed free.

75c Japanese Silk for 58c

No. 392 Japanese silk, 36 in. wide (note the width), heavy, even weave, very glossy, in white and cream only. Regular 75c yd., **Special sale price, 58c**

Sample mailed free.

A New Material

To introduce it we offer Crepe de Lyons at 35c per yard

No. 393 Crepe de Lyons, pure silk, with coin spot and dainty gauffre effect in cream, white, black, pink, turquoise and sky. Very handsome for waists, etc. Reg. 50c. **Special sale price, 35c**

Sample mailed free.



made from the best of materials, and are thoroughly up-to-date. Prices are marked very close, ranging from \$1.25, \$1.85 to \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$7.50, \$13.00. We also have a line of baby hammocks with circular ends to prevent accidents, covered with mosquito netting at \$1.25 and \$1.75.

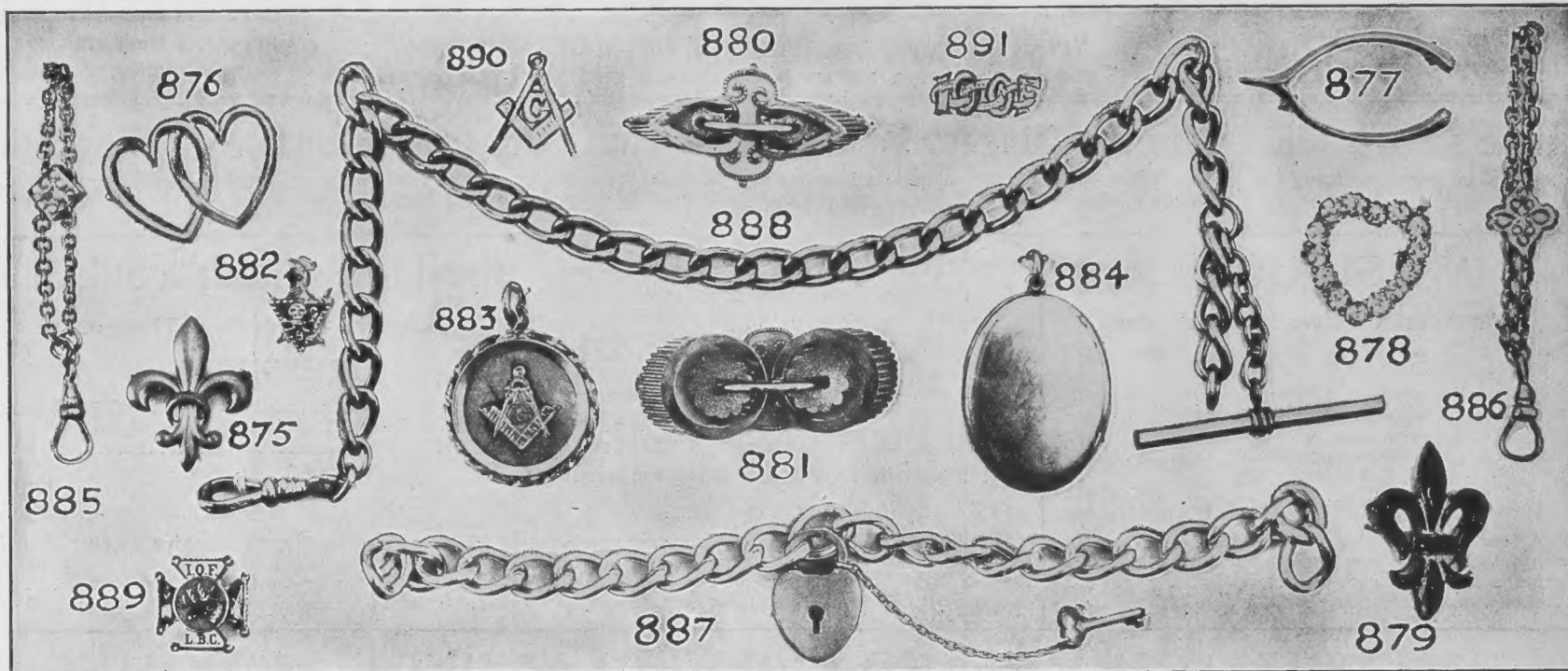
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
The Great Traders
of the Great West. **WINNIPEG**

WRITE AND WE WILL SEND OUR CATALOGUE

Midsummer Special Sale

Reserved Exclusively for Mail Order Customers

Midsummer Special Sale of Jewellery and Musical Goods



No. 875—Gold-filled Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine Brooch, Roman finish, warranted for 20 years. Regularly catalogued at \$1.00. **Special Sale Price 80c**

No. 875—Also supplied in black. **Special Sale 40c**

No. 875—Same article, guaranteed for five years, bright finish. **Special Sale 40c**

No. 876—Sterling Silver Double Heart Brooch, plain or chased, warranted by manufacturer to be 925.1000 fine. Regularly catalogued by eastern houses at 35c. **Special Sale Price 25c**

No. 877—Gold-filled Wish-bone Brooch. Regularly catalogued at 50c. **Special Sale 40c**

No. 878—Heart-shaped Brooch, set with fine brilliants. Exceptionally good value. **35c**

No. 879—Enamelled Chatelaine Brooch, assorted colors. Very good value. **35c**

No. 880—Gold-filled Brooch, with solid gold trimmings, warranted by manufacturer to give entire satisfaction. Usually sold at \$1.25. **Special Sale 85c**

No. 881—Gold-filled Brooch,

same quality as No. 880, but larger—very handsome. Regular **\$1.15** **Special Sale \$1.50**

No. 882—Solid Gold K. of P. Emblem Pin. **Special Sale 90c**

No. 883—Fine Gold-filled Emblem Charm, as cut, can be furnished in any emblem, as I.O.O.F., Masonic, I.O.F., C.O.F., A.O.U.W., Orangemen. Regular \$2.00. **Special Sale \$1.45**

No. 884—Gold-filled Locket, bright or Roman finish, popular size and style. Regular price \$1.75. **Special Sale \$1.45**

No. 885—Ladies' Gold-filled Watch Guard, 48 inches long, with gold slide. Regular price \$3.00. **Special Sale \$2.35**

No. 886—Ladies' Watch Guard, very heavy, 1-10 gold-filled, with solid gold slide warranted for 25 years. Regular \$7.00. **Special Sale \$5.50**

No. 887—Gold-filled Bracelet, warranted 1-20 gold-filled. Regular \$2.75. **Special Sale \$1.85**

No. 887—Same in Sterling Silver 925.1000 at same price.

No. 888—Gentlemen's Watch

Guard, gold-filled, guaranteed for 10 years. Regular value \$2.50. **Special Sale \$1.85**

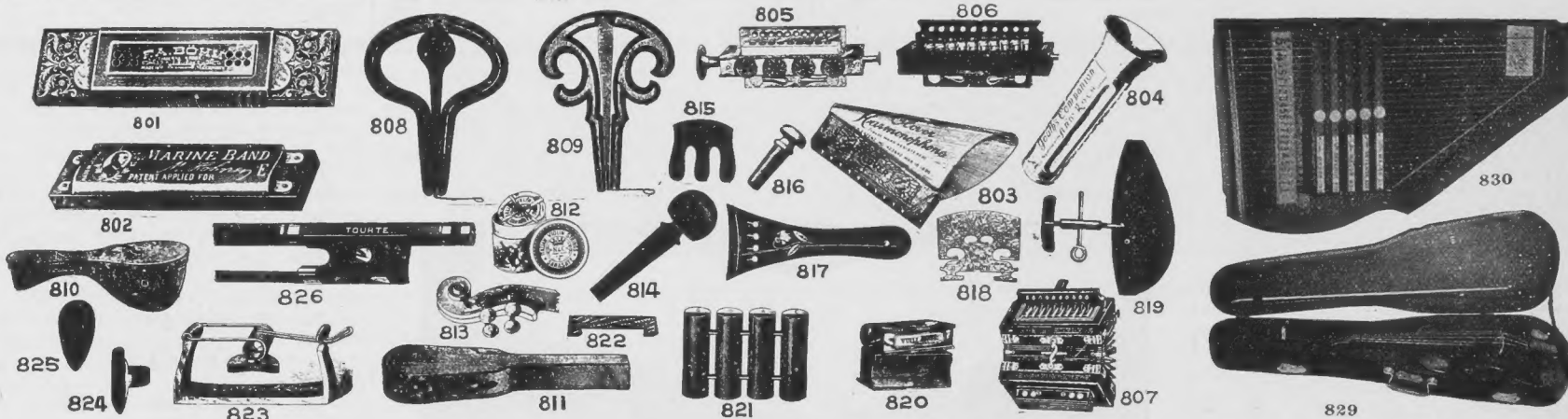
No. 888—Superior quality. Regular \$5. **Special Sale \$3.85**

No. 889—I.O.F. Gold Pin. Regular \$2.00. **Special Sale \$1.65**

No. 889—Supplied also in solid gold at..... **\$1.50**

No. 890—Solid Gold Emblem Pin (Masonic). Regular \$1.25. **Special Sale 85c**

No. 891—Solid Gold Odd Fellows' Pin. Regular \$1.00. **Special Sale 70c**



No. 801—Harmonicas—20 Double Holes. Regular 75c. **Special Sale 48c**

40 Double Reeds, 40 Double Holes, \$1.25. **Special Sale 98c**

No. 802—Ten Single Holes, Marine band, heavy nickel covers. Regular 25c. **Special Sale 19c**

No. 803—Harmonophone—A combination of a Harmonica and Metaphone for producing tremolo effects. Can be detached from Harmonica. Regular 65c. **Special Sale 55c**

No. 804—Harmonica—Tremolo attachment as per cut. Regular 65c. **Special Sale 63c**

Large size \$1.25. **Special Sale 98c**

No. 805—Blow Accordeon—Ten nickel keys, two base keys, nickel case with 4 fancy bugles and nickel extension bell. Regular \$1.50. **Special Sale 90c**

No. 806—Blow Accordeon—Ten nickel keys, ebonized wood case with silver moulding around keyboard, adjustable mouthpiece. Regular \$2.00. **Special Sale \$1.63**

No. 807—Accordeon—10 keys, 2 stops, open action, ebonized frames, double bellows with bound corners, nickel clasps. Regular \$3.75. **Special Sale \$2.65**

No. 808—Jew's Harp—Iron frame, lacquered steel tongue. Regular 15c. **Special Sale 10c**

No. 809—Jew's Harp—Fancy pattern, fine frames, lacquered steel tongue. Regular 25c. **Special Sale 17c**

No. 810, 811—Canvas Cases—Mandolin, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, as per cut 810 and 811. Regular \$1.75 and \$2.00. **Special Sale \$1.39**

No. 812—Strings—Finest quality gut, for Violin E.A.D., G. steel wrapped; Guitar G.B.E.; Banjo 1,2,3. Regular 25c. **Special Sale 19c**

No. 813—Violin Patent Heads—Brass. Regular 60c. **Special Sale 48c**

Nickel plated 75c. **Special Sale 60c**

No. 814—Violin Pegs—Pear wood, Regular 5c. **Special Sale, 2 for 5c**

Boxwood, Regular 8c. **Special Sale 5c**

Ebony, Regular 10c. **Special Sale 4 for 30c**

No. 815—Violin Mutes—Pear wood. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 7c**

Ebony, Regular 15c. **Special Sale 10c**

German Silver, Regular 25c. **Special Sale 17c**

No. 816—Violin End Pins—Boxwood, Regular 5c. **Special Sale 2 for 5c**

Polished Ebony, Regular 10c. **Special Sale 2 for 15c**

No. 817—Violin Tail Pieces—Ebony, polished, as per cut, 4 holes. Regular 20c. **Special Sale 12c**

2 holes. Regular 30c. **Special Sale 19c**

No. 818—Violin Bridges—Thin Scroll Maple. Regular 5c. **Special Sale 2 for 5c**

Better quality. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 5c**

Best quality. Regular 15c. **Special Sale 10c**

No. 819—Violin Chin Rest—Polished ebony, single, with hook. Regular 30c. **Special Sale 22c**

No. 819B—Polished Ebony, with one German silver tightener, as per cut. Regular 60c. **Special Sale 47c**

No. 819C—Polished ebony, with double screw clasp. Regular 75c. **Special Sale 59c**

No. 819D—Becker Chin and Shoulder Rest—Gutta percha, nickel plated velvet shoulder rest, improved model. Regular \$1.25. **Special Sale 98c**

No. 820—Violin Bow Rosin—Extra large pasteboard box. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 5c**

Book form in wood case. Regular 12c. **Special Sale 8c**

Very best Refined Rosin. Regular 25c. **Special Sale 19c**

No. 821—Violin Tuner—German silver pipes, E.A.D.G. Regular 48c. **Special Sale 48c**

No. 822—Banjo Bridges—Maple. Regular 5c. **Special Sale 2 for 5c**

Ebony. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 5c**

Better quality 15c. **Special Sale 10c**

No. 823—Capo D'Astro—For changing key in playing guitar, lightning spring action, nickel-plated. Regular 60c. **Special Sale 48c**

No. 824—Guitar and Banjo Thimbles—German silver. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 2 for 22c**

No. 825—Mandolin Picks—Celluloid. Regular 5c. **Special Sale 2 for 5c**

Celluloid triangular. Regular 10c. **Special Sale 5c**

Real Tortoise shell. Regular 15c. **Special Sale 10c**

No. 826—Violin Bow—Maple stick, red stained, black frog, with bone button. Regular 40c. **Special Sale 23c**

No. 826B—Violin Bow—Redwood, ebony frog, pearl eye and slide, German silver button. Regular 75c. **Special Sale 48c**

No. 826C—Violin Bow—Brazil wood, polished ebony frog, pear slide and eye, German silver trimmed and button ivory tip and leather winding. Regular \$1.00. **Special Sale 79c**

No. 827—Violin Outfit—a good substantial violin in heavy pasteboard box, complete with bow, rosin, pitchpipe and set of strings. Regular \$5. **Special Sale \$3.65**

No. 828—Violin Outfit—Consists of a good violin, Stainer model, in wood case, with swell top half flannel-lined, complete with bow, rosin, pitchpipe and set of strings, extra good value at \$8.00. **Special Sale \$5.45**

No. 829—Violin Outfit, as per cut, consists of a Grand Concert Violin, Stradavarius model, full ebony trimmed, in black wood, carved case, complete with good bow, rosin, pitchpipe and extra set of strings. Regular \$15.00. **Special Sale \$10.20**

No. 830—Autoharps, as per cut, twenty-eight strings, 6 bars producing 6 chords, concert size, in fine case. Regular \$5.00. **Special Sale \$3.98**

No. 831—Autoharp—Twenty-three strings, 5 bars producing 5 chords, in case complete. Regular \$4.00. **Special Sale \$2.88**

No. 832—Autoharp—Twenty-three strings, 4 bars producing 4 chords, in case complete. Regular \$3.21. **Special Sale \$2.65**

CATALOGUE
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HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.
The Great Traders
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Men's Furs
Men's and Boys' Clothing
Carpets, Linoleums
Housefurnishings

Here's a Splendid List of Bargains for Visitors to the Fair. Our Great Summer Clearing Sale

will be going on during Fair week. Visitors to Brandon should take advantage of this, it means big savings in the piles of Summer Materials on Sale. We mention some of the leading bargains to be offered, there are hundreds of others just as good.

WASH GOODS

At Special Prices for Fair Week

SWISS LAWNS

One of the prettiest of Summer Dress Materials, white ground with dainty polka dot patterns, in Navy, Mauve, Torquoise and Pale Blue, 30 inches wide. Regular 35c, clearing at..... **20c**

KNOP VOILES

A very stylish Summer Dress Goods, in great favor owing to its great wearing qualities. All the pretty summer shades are represented in this lot. 27 inches wide. Reg. 25c, special for this sale.. **20c**

LOVELY MUSLINS

Our entire stock of the newest and most fashionable Muslins for this summer, are all on sale at Big Discounts. Piles of lovely materials, making Bargains of great attractiveness, that will bring hundreds of buyers to the Muslin counters.

Great Dress Goods & Silk Sale

Notice the List of Good things here

73c

25 pieces of the most popular weaves, in new Silks, Fancy Tussors, Pongees, Shantings, Louisennes, Taffetas, etc. The reg. price of every piece in this lot is \$1.00 per yd. Special for Fair week at **73c**

Great Dress Goods & Silk Sale

Notice the List of Good Things here

DRESS VOILES

Pure Wool Voiles, in Navy, Cream and Pearl Gray, 44 inches wide. Regular 85c per yard, during Fair week only **60c**

19c

This is one of the biggest bargains we ever offered. The best quality Washable Japan Silk, all shades, including black and white. Sold everywhere at 25c. Special for this sale, per yard **19c**

CARPET SALE

Visit our big Carpet Department. It occupies the whole of the Third Floor. Many good things are on sale at special prices here during Fair week. As an extra inducement to buy your Carpets and Linoleums, at Fair time we will prepay the freight on any orders you place with us.

93c

Five new patterns, in Scotch Inlaid Linoleum, will be on sale at this bargain 93c per square yard.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING

Splendid Inducements for Buying Here

MEN'S SUITS

Dressy Blue Serge Suits, more fashionable now than ever. The cloth is thoroughly shrunk, and will not get out of shape with wetting. The linings and trimmings throughout are of the best. These Suits are made in the popular four button sacque style, and sell regularly at \$10.00. During this Sale they go in at per suit **\$7.50**

YOUTH'S SUITS

Three piece Suits, short pants, fine Scotch Tweeds in stripes and checks. Regular \$7.50 per suit, Fair week **\$4.95**

BOYS' SUITS

Dressy Norfolk Styles in nice shades of Gray, to fit boys 5 to 10 years old. Special for this Sale per suit..... **\$4.50**

BARGAINS

In Women's White Waists, Wash Suits, Cloth Costumes, Covert Coats, Rain Coats and Tweed Skirts. Stylish summer wearables at bargains during Fair week.

FALL STYLES

In every Department throughout the store. Many lines of new Fall Styles will be on display. Come and see them.

The Old Maid's Dream.



EVERYONE loved Miss Nannie, for so she desired to be called, as she claimed that Nancy was too old for a maiden who had not yet stepped across the threshold

of—well, say thirty odd years.

Miss Nannie had had her romance, too; had loved and lost, for the hero of her early girlhood had left home on a three years' voyage in far-away seas, and had vowed that upon his return they would be married.

Ugly rumors came to the little village that he had deserted his ship in Egypt, but Miss Nannie would not believe it, and she waited as the years went by, fondly believing that he would one day return and keep his pledge to her.

Her parents passed away, grieved that she had refused many good offers of marriage, in her reliance upon the word of a man who had deserted her, as well as his ship, and she would be left alone in the world, with only a meager income.

Each afternoon it was her custom to sit upon the piazza of her little cottage, gazing out over the sea watching for the ship that must bring her lover home to her.

One summer day she found her watching, and hoping, and longing had not been in vain, for a fleet vessel came flying into the harbor, the anchor was let fall, and her sailor-lover came to keep his pledge made long before her hair was threaded with silver.

And quickly upon his return there was a wedding in the village, and the long absent wanderer carried his bride to the fine old mansion on the hill,

where he had been born and dwelt, until financial misfortune to his father had sent the boy to sea to make his way in the world.

How happy Miss Nannie was, she

alone knew, for her husband had made a fortune, and she never seemed to tire of telling over and over again of her great joy, and that she had the best husband, and the very sweetest



ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

little girl in the world, and—she awoke. Soothed by the balmy summer air, she had dropped off to sleep and dreamed the hope of her life.

But she had been awakened with a start, and beheld a man standing at the steps. "Pardon, lady, but I am hungry, and beg your kind aid."

The dream had flown, the sad reality was upon her, and, forcing back the choking sensation upon her, Miss Nannie bade the man enter, and prepared for him a supper such as she was famous for.

"You are a sailor, I believe?" she said, in her gentle way.

"I was once, lady; but as you see me now, I am a vagabond."

"Years ago I left my home full of hope, a sailor, and went out to seek a fortune for the sweetheart I loved more than my life."

"When ashore in an African port, I was seized by a guard and sold into slavery among the Arabs."

"It was the act of my rival, the mate of my ship, and who hoped to win thus the girl I loved."

"Six years ago, after suffering untold hardships, I escaped from my Arab master, and from that day fate was as kind to me as before it had been unkind, for I made a fortune, returned to my home, and found that the woman I loved had been true to me all these—"

"Louis!"

"Nannie!"

After all, the old maid's dream had come true.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed, no further trouble will be experienced.

Danforth's Dilemma

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly.



R. HOWARD DANFORTH, alias John Detch, alias Mortimer Ritter, alias H. L. Davis—by which last he was just now registered in the office below—this

gentleman of many appellations sat in his room on the third floor back, before a coal fire, toasting his shins and cogitating on his fortunes.

Looked at in one light, these were at the very ebb. If payment had been demanded he could not have put up the money for the fire before which he was comforting himself, much less for the delectable dinner he had eaten some hours before. But payment was not demanded. Being a specious gentleman of good address, with a fine, open countenance and a large and stylish portmanteau, he was welcomed to the privileges of the accommodating hostelry without question.

Besides this outward show, which was always a large part of his stock in trade, his entire capital consisted of two twenty-five cent pieces, a Columbian half dollar, and an unlimited amount of "nerve." Upon this latter Mr. Danforth relied, both to take him through certain tight places, and to replenish his funds when that became absolutely necessary. It had become necessary now, and he was only waiting until the proper time to take prompt and effective action.

The goddess Fortune, his only acknowledged mistress, had placed in his hands the opportunity for the replenishment of his purse. That opportunity took the shape of a bridal couple, who had arrived that morning with an atmosphere of love and three trunks. The groom was a slight, pale young fellow with a downy moustache; the bride, a willowy girl, so enveloped in furs that one could not see her face, but with a deliciously small ankle and a charming turn of the wrist when holding up her skirts. These things Mr. Danforth admired, as became a man of taste; but most of all was his attention attracted by the sparkling ear drops that twinkled from under her veil. He was an amateur in diamonds, and knew a good thing, when he saw it, as well as Grubb, the pawnbroker—who, by the way, could be counted on to discount those same diamonds if luck turned that way. An examination of the register, and a little casual conversation with the clerk, showed these young people to be Francis Drummond and wife, and that they were established in a suite of rooms on the third floor front.

And so Mr. Danforth sat and meditated on these things, and waited for the clock in the church tower around the corner to strike three, which was his hour for business. This rule of action was based on a great deal of practical investigation as to the precise time when people sleep soundest. As every keen observer knows, two o'clock in the morning is the hour when the world turns over in bed, yawns, and goes to sleep again; and, for good reasons, three o'clock is the time when it is again sleeping soundly.

By way of preparation, Mr. Danforth carefully removed his pointed patent leather shoes. Then he opened his bag and extracted therefrom a pair of heavy felt slippers, which fastened about the ankle with an elastic. He also took out a silver mounted revolver. It was not loaded, and was only intended to display to persons who happened to be wakeful, and who were disposed to express surprise at the presence of an unknown and unbidden visitor. In all his experience, which extended over some five years of fortune hunting in two hemispheres, he had met but one man who cared to look into the muzzle of the revolver and at the same time make a disturbance. This man had compelled Mr. Danforth to hit him between the

eyes with his left and "upper cut" him with his right, before the intruder's exit was undisputed. He now adjusted the slippers, placed the ornamental firearm in his right hand coat pocket, and resumed his attitude of shin toasting.

Half an hour later, when the clock struck three, he was at the door of the suite on the third floor front. How he got through the door it is not necessary to state, but to a man of his experience a lock or a bolt was as little binding as a spider's thread, and to give away the secret of unbolting a door from the outside would be a poor bit of policy. He found himself in a dressing room. With a match that had neither the crackle of the "parlor," nor the odor of the "sulphur," he lighted the gas. In the bed room beyond a tiny night lamp was burning, and he paused for an instant at the door to make sure of the regular breathing of the sleepers. Then he turned to the toilet table, which stood between the windows. It was over-spread with a most elaborate and tempting display. There were silver backed brushes of all sizes and kinds, hand mirrors and tiny teeth mirrors, cut glass perfume bottles, knives and scissors, and dainty powder boxes.

Mr. Danforth looked at all these with a loving eye; he could appreciate fine things, even though they belonged to another. He even touched his cheek with perfume, and smoothed his hair a little, as he looked into the mirror. He was really a very good looking fellow.

But other matters pressed. Opening the top drawer he fumbled through it. There was a profusion of neck wear, collars and cuffs, underclothing and fine linen. There were also buttons for the cuffs, studs of fine gold, and pins of precious stones, but Mr. Danforth put them aside. He opened the next drawer. The linen was finer. It was fluffed and ribboned. There was a suspiciously large pile of handkerchiefs in one corner. He lifted them and disclosed a jewel box of soft leather. His eyes sparkled, and he snapped up the lid. The diamonds within sparkled back at him—two as prettily set stones as he had ever seen, in ear drops; a brooch of diamonds and rubies; a splendid tortoiseshell comb topped with rare diamonds. Then there were some rings of various sorts, a pretty little pearl necklace, and a bracelet.

He selected a large silk handkerchief and wrapped the jewels in it carefully, making a neat bundle, which he put into his left hand coat pocket. He closed the box and replaced it. He even laid back the linen and smoothed it into place, for he liked order. Then, having put things as he found them, something possessed him to go into the further room, where the sleepers were.

He walked quickly on flat foot to

the door, and after listening a minute, entered. The night lamp cast a dull glow over the objects in the room. The light fell on the face of the sleeping woman, and warmed into a pleasing color the hair that lay on the pillow. She was lying on her side, with her arm thrown out, and her lips just parted in the effort of respiration. Mr. Danforth went a step nearer. She turned a little, and the yellow ruffle of her gown fell away from her throat. He could see her face clearly. He stopped, grasped nervously at the footboard, and put his hand to his eyes; then it went involuntarily to his left pocket. He leaned farther over and peered hard into the girl's face. His lips smiled, but there was no smile in his eyes. "Louise!" he muttered, and the room with the little dot of light faded away. In its place he saw a long stretch of white beach with the waves coming in, lap, lap. The sandpipers "teetered" along the shore, and the gulls screamed in the sky. He saw a big white umbrella, and under it a girl sketching, while at her feet lay a man reading aloud from a magazine. Once he caught up her hand and kissed it. The face of the girl was the same that lay on the pillow, and the man was Howard Danforth.

He thought of a good many things that had happened that summer, and he thought of them a little sadly. Things turned out queerly, very queerly; if it had not been for—but he smiled grimly, and put that behind him.

The room seemed to be getting very

she asked despairingly, as they ran into the hall.

"Nothing," he answered, ignoring the first question. He recalled afterwards how beautiful she looked in her loose white wrapper, with her hair fluffed about, and fright in her eyes.

They went to the staircase. A battalion of black smoke and red flame charged up at them.

"There's a stairway at the other end of the hall," said Drummond; "perhaps we could go by that."

"No use," panted Danforth, and he pointed to the flame that was already licking around the corner at the far end of the hall. "We'll have to go by the window of your room."

They got into the room and shut the door. Danforth began to uncoil the big rope. "It's not very dangerous if the fire doesn't get here before we get away. You must go first, Mrs. Drummond. Better put something under your arms so that the rope won't cut you. So—" and he slipped the loop over her shoulders and drew it tight. "Now, if you are ready, get out on the sill and let yourself over. We'll hold you perfectly secure, and it won't take a minute."

She hesitated for the shadow of a second. Her face grew white. Then she turned and kissed her husband, and stepped quickly upon the window sill. She swung off, bumped against the wall, and cried out. The men lowered her rapidly, but for all that it seemed as if she would never reach the ground. It was getting hotter, and the little waves of smoke were oozing in by the door.



FARM HOME OF JAMES J. JAMIESON, NEAR GLADSTONE, MAN.

hot. Perhaps he was nervous; yet there were few things, no matter how startling, that could upset his coolness. But what was all that rumble from the street below, and what—? He raised his head and sniffed the air. Just then a cry floated up to him from below, a boy's shrill voice, and it said, "Fire!"

Simultaneously, he heard the clang of a patrol bell. He went into the outer room. It was hotter than the other, and his nostrils smarted. He jerked open the door and went into the hall. The smoke rolled heavily along it. What was to be done must be done quickly. Catching up a white wrapper of flannel from a chair, he bounded back into the sleeping room. He laid his hot hand on the forehead of the man. The jar awakened him, and he sat up wonderingly.

"Get up," said Danforth. "The place is on fire! Don't stop to dress, but tell your wife to throw on this wrapper. Hurry!"

"What is it?" said the girl, startled suddenly into consciousness. "What is it, Frank? Who was that?"

But Mr. Danforth was already in the outer room. He stepped to the window and looked down. The street was full of men. He felt of the rope that hung coiled on a hook by the window.

"We will try the stairway first," he said, as the Drummonds joined him. The husband had hurriedly donned his trousers, and was struggling with his coat.

"Howard, is it you?" exclaimed Mrs. Drummond. "How did you come to be here? And can I take nothing?"

At last the rope slackened. They could see her lifted in the arms of men, a white dot in the blackness. The rope swung free, and Danforth pulled it back with great jerks.

"No! No!" interposed Drummond. "I can slide down it. It will take too long to lower me, and you mustn't take any risks. Wait till I get my wife's jewels; I can save them." He made a dive for the drawer, and took out the jewel case, which he slipped into his pocket. The glass in the transom crackled, and the flames peered in and lit up the room.

"Did you ever swarm down a rope?" asked Danforth, as he looked at the young man's hands.

"No, but I can try. If I fall—" But the other cut him short, and flung the noose over his head, almost roughly.

"Now you're off," he urged, and the young fellow went over the sill. He was not heavy, but Danforth was out of training. His muscles strained and his joints cracked, as the rope paid out slowly. His eyes smarted, and once he had to take a hitch around the hook, and lean out for breath. Then he shut his eyes and lowered away, but his breath came fast and his head was dizzy.

Again the rope slackened. With a gasp Danforth sprang upon the sill and let himself over. He twisted his leg into the rope and swung off. He breathed more freely after he got away from the window, but the hemp grew hot under his hands, and he thought he must let go. But again his mind helped his muscles, and he still went down; down, past the second story

window, out of which the flames were darting; down, until he dropped into the arms that were reached up to him. There was a cheer from the sympathetic crowd that had gathered in the street.

Young Drummond caught him by the hand. "You have saved our lives," he said simply, "and I thank you. You are an old friend of my wife's, I believe."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Drummond; "this is Mr. Danforth—and this is my husband, Mr. Francis Drummond; but how did you happen to come to us?"

Danforth rested for a moment to gain his senses.

"Easy enough to explain if one were to explain it," he said, with an attempt at a laugh. "I am a sheep in wolf's clothing. But you mustn't stand here. There's a hotel a little way around the corner; you would better go there. We can do no good for this place. It's gone up. It isn't pleasant to lose one's clothes, but such things have to be borne."

Mrs. Drummond placed herself between the men, and took an arm of

Fate of Albanians who Persist in Becoming Intoxicated.

Here is a graduation of penalties for a "plain drunk," which seems to indicate that higher civilization is more tolerant of intoxication than benighted communities or communities so considered.

In this country, \$2.00 and costs.

In Persia, eighty lashes on the soles of the feet.

In Albania, death.

In the three latter instances the extreme penalty is given above. Before the officials give a man up as confirmed to his cups they lecture him. In Persia they put him on the black list first and forbid him the bazaars except in certain hours, and then under police supervision and also places of amusement and worship.

In Turkey the offender receives an admonition and is fined for the first offence, and the bastinado is applied afterward if the crime be repeated.

Among the mountaineers of Albania and Montenegro drunkenness is re-



LOOKING FOR THE BOAT'S RETURN.

each. Thus they walked through the crowd of people, stopping now and then to look back at the burning building.

At the hotel steps Danforth paused. "I shall have to go back," he explained. "I have some things to look after. You would better go straight to bed. You can do nothing till morning. Then you can get fitted out. It's too bad—and a wedding journey, too!"

"But you will be here in the morning, will you not?" asked Drummond.

"Yes; we shall want to hear the whole story," said Mrs. Drummond. "Good night," and she put out her hand. "I will thank you more in the morning," she added, as he touched it.

As they turned to go up the steps, Drummond felt a touch on his arm.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Danforth, handing him a small packet made up in a handkerchief—"I beg your pardon, but I think your wife must have forgotten her diamonds."

Then, before Drummond could speak, he turned and went back into the crowd.

garded as a political offence and for that reason is considered more serious than if it were a moral one.

Among the mountaineers fighting and drinking are not considered to go together, and to be able to fight is the first duty of a citizen. Therefore, the drunkard is harshly dealt with. At first they try moral suasion with the festive tipler, but when that fails and he persists in making the mountain peaks ring to his Montenegrin substitute for "We won't go home till morning!" he is declared to be a danger and is quietly assassinated by order of the local chief.—Baptist Banner.

IT IS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW OF HEALTH.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding place of pain and like a guardian of the peace lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

Bright Eyes,
Clear Complexion,
Sweet Breath,
Good Digestion,
Life worth living,
Abbey's
Effervescent **Salt**
in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle

Dyspepsia and NERVOUSNESS

come from feverish, irregular or over-worked digestive organs, sour stomach and such disorders.

The merciless warmth of summer is fatal to a person in this condition. That tired feeling is a warning, insomnia will follow, complete collapse is certain if you do not make amends—but you can avoid it by "the stitch in time"

KOLA TONIC WINE

It would require pages to tell you what Kola Tonic Wine has done without taking up the matter of what it will do. It contains all the health building properties of Kola, Celery and Pepsin.

KOLA builds muscle, CELERY quiets the nerves, and PEPSIN aids digestion.

The following from G. Mills McClurg, Justice of the Peace, and Commissioner in the High Court for Middlesex is sufficient.

Melbourne, Ont., Aug. 18, 1904
Gentlemen.—Four bottles of your Kola Tonic Wine has completely cured me of my stomach ailments, from which I have suffered for some eight years, and which a number of leading physicians failed to cure.

I consider it my duty to send you this testimonial (unsolicited) and you have my permission to publish the same for the benefit of a suffering public.

Gratefully yours,

G. Mills McClurg.
Your druggist has Kola Tonic Wine, just ask him, but if he will not supply you, write direct for a quart bottle, price \$1.00, and let us tell you some of the thousand things Kola Wine has done.

Hygiene Kola Co.

217 Logan Ave., Winnipeg, Man.



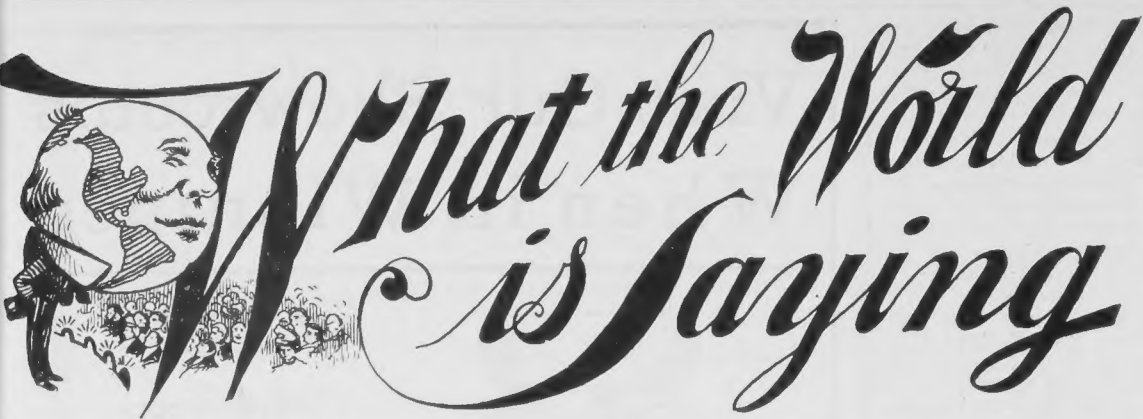
J. G. BARRON, President Manitoba Live Stock Association and the most successful breeder and importer of Pure-Bred Prize-Winning Shorthorn Cattle in the West, says:

"I have fed a great many Stock Foods, but I can say that for results I consider that English Stock Food is far stronger and better than any other Stock Food that I have used, and I will use no other in the future, as I got better results from English Stock Food than from any of the other Stock Foods.

(Signed)

JOHN BARRON,
Carberry, Man.

April 20th



What the World is Saying

Exhaustion of the Coal Supply.

EVERY once in a while we hear rumors to the effect that the coal beds of the world will not long stand the present drain upon them. Great Britain appointed a royal commission to examine the supply underlying the United Kingdom. The conclusion reached by the commission should silence the most pessimistic. The Scientific American quotes these figures. "During the last thirty-four years nearly five and three-quarter billion tons of coal have been mined in Great Britain, and the amount still available is, to give the exact figures of the report, 100,914,668,167 tons, so that if coal were to be mined at the average rate per year of the past thirty-four years, there is enough coal available to last for over six hundred years to come. The commission states, however, that the above figures do not cover the full resources, since they refer merely to the supply available in the coal fields lying at a depth of less than 4,000 feet, and in seams over one foot thick, these being known as the "proved" coal fields. It is estimated that there will be found in the unproved fields at less than 4,000 feet depths about 40,000,000,000 tons, which amount added to that of the proved coal, makes a total of over 140,000,000,000 tons that are still available. This is about twenty-five times as much as the total output of the last thirty-four years. If the coal supply of Great Britain is representative of other countries, the exhaustion of the world's supply need not give anyone serious concern.

England and Her Slum Problem.

THE SOCIAL DEGRADATION to which hordes of England's population have been reduced is sad in the extreme. The Regina Standard publishes some figures gathered by Mr. Jack London which shock the sensibilities of the prosperous Canadian. "On the night of January 24th of last year, medical officers and inspectors of the London County Council took a kind of census of London outcasts. Between one and five o'clock in the morning, from Hyde Park to Whitechapel, and Holborn to the Thames, they counted 1,609 men and 188 women walking the streets without a place to sleep, or sleeping in doorways. On the basis of these figures, gathered in four hours' observation, the officers estimated that one person in every two thousand in London was a homeless outcast. And among the 1,797 wretched wanderers thus counted, fifty were little children. When Mr. Jack London investigated these matters two years ago, he found that twenty-one per cent. of the people of London were driven to the parish for relief; that there were in London 1,800,000 persons that were destitute or lived on the imminent edge of destitution; that one person in every four in London died supported by public charity; that in the United Kingdom, with 47,000,000 inhabitants, there were 8,000,000 constantly in danger of starving, "and 20,000,000 more are not comfortable in the simple and clean sense of the word."

Match-Making Advertisements.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE tells the following, which needs no comment. Distance lends enchantment to most things. Affinities are among them. Charles Sumner, of Missouri, can readily testify to the truth of this. He discovered his affinity at long range. He proceeded to shorten the distance between him and her. And when he came up with her he found that his affinity was only a myth. Mr. Sumner had never experienced love at short range. To him Cupid near at hand was unattractive. He saw the young women of his town, and went his way heart-whole and free. But when love came to him on the enchanting wings of distance he fell an easy victim. "Widow, lonely, handsome, very wealthy, wants to find a man who can love her for herself alone. Only the most honorable need apply." Sumner saw this appeal in the newspapers. The enchantment of distance worked upon him. A widow, lonely, handsome, and wealthy. And in far-away Chicago! The young man

fell promptly in love. "Wants to find some one who can love her for herself alone." There was something appealing in the spectacle. Sumner sat down and wrote to the widow. He told how he had discovered that she was his affinity. She replied, suggesting that he come to Chicago. He came, with a red ribbon in his coat lapel that the widow might know him. At the Chicago station two men approached him. They were the brothers of the widow. They asked Sumner as to the state of his finances. He had \$11. The men took it and went away to get their sister. Sumner waited and waited and no widow came. Neither did the men who had his money. Finally a policeman broke the news that he had been "bunkoed." The enchantment of distance vanished. The affinity was a cruel fable.

The C. P. R. and the Prince Albert Branch.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY never lets an opportunity pass of making all the money it can for its stockholders. Another illustration of this is given in its dealings with the people of Prince Albert. Says a correspondent to the Free Press: "Transportation charges are too high both for passenger and freight. They were made to fit the conditions prevailing before the late developments of the country along the line. The fare is still four cents per mile, and the trains, which are four to six coaches, are full all the time. As to freight, they are obliged most of the time to run two engines, and often run two trains a day both ways. There is hardly a shadow of doubt that a reasonable fare and reasonable freight rates would increase traffic of both kinds very materially." The railway company will be the losers in the end if they maintain a schedule of high charges on that particular branch. A moderate charge would stimulate increased passenger travel, while a high tariff has a direct opposite effect.

How to Live Long.

THE CELEBRATED EDWARDE HALE has been giving advice to those coming after him. There are few men better qualified to do so. He is one of the most distinguished men of his time, and in America, where he is so well known, his words are listened to with respect and delight which they so well deserve. He says: I have always been fond of botany. I loved my garden and once thought God had intended that I should grow roses. But I found that I couldn't take care of a large parish and my garden, so I stopped gardening. My advice to every one is to live out of doors as much as possible. A healthy man should walk six miles a day without fatigue. But a dozen miles in an open street car or buggy is just as well, I think. The air and the sun are what one needs. I have made it a rule to sleep ten hours a day all my life. I went to bed last night at a quarter to 9 and got up at five minutes after 7 this morning. After my lunch at 1 o'clock I slept another hour. I have written an essay on sleep and also a lecture. Good sleep is the first necessity for health and labor. If for any cause you lose sleep, be sure to make it up. Maintain the average. As to diet, find out what agrees with you and what doesn't. I take a cup of milk made brown with coffee an hour before breakfast. I drink another cup at 11. Lunch comes at 1 o'clock. If the meal at 7 is light I recommend a bowl of soup at bedtime. But don't drink coffee or tea after 2 o'clock in the afternoon and don't engage in hard brain work after 4. Live in this way, going out of doors every day, rain or shine, and you will sleep, and sleep is the beginning of sound health and good work. Three hours' dictation is enough for any man engaged in literary labor. It should begin at 9.30 o'clock in the morning behind a locked door with a secretary who knows more than you do and can spell. At half-past 12, as I once said, you may open your doors and let the wildcats or the tame rush in. Attend to the business of your callers in the afternoon and get out into the open. In the evening read, but not too much, go to see your friends, let them come to see you.

The Passing of Niagara Falls.

PROF. G. K. GILBERT, of the United States Geological Society, has prophesied that the waters of Lake Erie will yet find their outlet in the gulf, while Lake Ontario alone of the chain will send its overflow through the St. Lawrence, Niagara Falls would then cease to be a river. Says the Canadian Manufacturer: He argued that a vigorous campaign of education is necessary if the Falls are to be retained. Great Britain and the United States must join in a treaty, and before they would do this, Canada and New York, respectively, must request such action. Those who want to utilize the power are in possession of the field; the precedents are with them; the burden of proof has now been thrown on the shoulders of those who would protect the Falls, and their task is an up-hill one. The present diversion from the Falls, while computable, is not visible. But charters already granted and franchises not yet fully availed of, but on their way to realization, will so detract from the volume of the river as to leave the American Falls dry.

Exit the Billionaire!

ALL THE SIGNS point to the passing of the billionaire. The order of his going and the line of his departure may not be clearly seen, but the die is cast. Outraged subjects of the corrupt commercialism have decreed that the monstrosity must not be allowed much longer to fatten and flourish, says the Canadian Magazine. Slowly, but surely, there is arising a feeling against the economic system which produces millionaires. It is stated that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given away about \$150,000,000, and still has \$300,000,000 left. There must be something radically wrong in a civilization which allows a man to accumulate in less than one lifetime the enormous amount of wealth represented by the figures \$450,000,000. There must be something inequitable and unjust in a state of industrialism which allows men like Carnegie, Rockefeller, Strathcona and Macdonald to amass millions when a large percentage of the population of this continent is in actual want. That these men make good use of their money after having obtained it, is no answer to the charge against the system. It should not be necessary to have the universities dependent for their creation and maintenance upon the whim of a Rockefeller. It should not be necessary that the growth of public libraries in America should be dependent upon the caprices of a Carnegie. It should not be necessary that the educational reforms and advancements of Canada (however excellent) should depend upon a tobacco manufacturer. The ideal civilization should be equality.

Do State-Owned Railways Pay.

A COMMON ARGUMENT against the state-ownership of railways is that they do not pay. In Canada the I.C.R. is quoted as an example of what might be the fate of other systems were government ownership applied. Taking the balance sheet of the Federal railways of Switzerland as the text, the Toronto Globe says:—An almost invariable feature of such criticism is the assumption that State-owned railways should be made to pay. Perhaps this is due to a long misuse of the word "pay," for we speak of a railway "paying" when we really mean that the "paying" is done by its patrons. If the state-owned railways of Switzerland do not pay it shows that the managers have adopted a scale of rates that meets operating expenses and construction and equipment charges. If rates are above this level the users of the railway are subjected to a special tax, while rates lower than the cost of the railway service gives the railway users special favors at the expense of the taxpayers. Public services furnished by the State should be given at cost. They should not be made a means of levying taxes or raising revenue, neither should they be made a burden on the general public. That the railways of Switzerland are not likely to yield a revenue is a tribute to the sound economic principles on which they are managed. The critics who regard railways in accordance with their dividend-earning power find it difficult to appreciate the wisdom of operating them with no such object in view. This is a sane criticism of the whole question, and one which does not generally appear in the discussions upon the subject.

Taking a Pointer From Canadians.

THE MEMBERS of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association now in England appear to have made a profound impression on the manufacturers there as to their importance as a body. As a result of their visit the English manufacturers have practically decided to form an association which will be conducted on similar lines to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Ashes and Soap Suds for Plants.

A writer in one of our floral exchanges says: During the early spring months I emptied the wood ashes, from the heater and cooking stove, over the ground that I intended to use for flowers. When the time for planting came, my husband dug a trench for me, which I filled half full with ashes. Over the ashes I threw an inch or two of soil, and planted sweet peas, covering them one inch. In a few days they were up, and such vines as I had! When they were six inches high I laid brush along one side of them. They grew five and six feet tall, and gave such quantities of lovely flowers all summer. I fertilized them once a week with soapsuds, left from my washing, and hoed them three or four times during the season, each time drawing the dirt about them, but never making a narrow ridge for them to grow in. When this is done they dry out too much, and do not bloom well. Nasturtiums, also, shared the same treatment, except I did not give them so many ashes. I kept the flowers picked from both sweet peas and nasturtiums. Soap suds is my fertilizer for almost all sorts of flowers. Nothing better can be given to rose bushes.

Riding.

It has always seemed a great pity to me that more girls in the country do not learn to ride horseback. Few farms there are that could not afford a broncho or pinto pony for the girls of the house to ride.

A well groomed mustard colored broncho with saddle and bridle of deep chocolate or maroon leather makes quite a smart riding horse, and if his rider choose a habit of dark blue, dark green, or brown, the picture is quite a harmonious one.

Everyone in these days, even to Royal Princesses, is adopting the sensible custom of riding cross saddle, which is the only sane and safe way to ride. The number of women and young girls who ride in this fashion is steadily on the increase, and very smart and sensible they look.

Mrs. Thompson-Seton, wife of the great naturalist, in her book on "The Woman who went Hunting with her Husband," gives not only a description but a very complete sketch of how these habits can be made, so that they look like a short habit on each side of the horse when you are riding, and a plain smart walking skirt when off the horse.

Acting on this suggestion the leading pattern houses now issue designs for these habits, and though, of course, it is always best to have a habit made by an experienced tailor, the woman, clever with her needle can get very good results at home.

There is no cosmetic compounded in laboratories that can equal a brisk canter on horseback. Troubles that look mountains high, in the house dwindle to the merest spots on the landscape after an hour on a horse. Cycling is good; I am an ardent cyclist myself, but a horse is infinitely better, for in addition to rapid motion, there is the sense of silent sympathetic companionship. Horses are almost more human in their sympathies than dogs, though that is putting the case strongly, and the wistful look in their great eyes, when their rider is in trouble, is quite as expressive as words; while the nuzzle of a soft silky nose is as tender and comforting as a mother's caress.

A Remarkable Record.

It is a fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. In order to get such results from sticky paper it would be necessary to cover both walls and ceiling with it.

In other words, each ten cent packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper costing fifteen dollars.

He thought he had a right to smoke and chew tobacco and drink liquor and be as boorish and brutal to his family as he chose, regardless of the effect on them. Surely such a man needs regenerating to be fit to live with anybody.

There are few people who have not heard of the wonderful excitement created in England by the Torrey-Alexander Mission. These gentlemen are holding revival meetings in all parts of the country, and peer and peasant are alike moved by their eloquence and singing. The Gram-o-phone Co. has succeeded in persuading Mr. Alexander to sing some of his most famous hymns and songs for them, and has just published three records made by him: The famous "Glory Song," "Tell Mother I'll be There," and "An Incident of the Glory Song." Mr. Alexander tells a story in connection with his singing of his "Tell Mother I'll Be There" at the Albert Hall, in London, England. He says:—"I sang it after Dr. Torrey had preached a sermon on 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Two days later, I received the following pathetic letter, which tells its own story:

"Dear Mr. Alexander—I feel that I cannot let this day pass without in some measure thanking you for your rendering of that beautiful solo, 'Tell Mother I'll be There.' I listened with great interest to Dr. Torrey's address on 'What shall it profit a man,' and in some degree was convinced that I was not going straight, but after you sang that hymn, I was struck at once, and immediately you had finished, I went home to my apartments. I could not sleep at all, but just as dawn was breaking this morning I returned to the Good Shepherd's fold. I have been away from home for some time now, and had determined to go home tomorrow—Saturday—and see my mother and tell her the good news. I received the enclosed this morning, and my heart is almost breaking, for I am too late."

"The card which was enclosed contained simply these words: 'Dear John. Mother died this morning at 8 o'clock.'"

Only a Few (?) Questions.

The following letter of enquiry was recently received by a gentleman in one of the towns of Western Canada:—"Would like to have an expression from you in answer to the following questions: Is there any government lands still open for settlement around (blank), and, if so, how far from town? What kind of soil is it and is the land level or not? Also is there land to be bought, and at what price? Is it timbered or not? and, if not, how far is it to timber? Is there plenty of good water to be easily had? Is the country settling up fast or not? How much does the different kinds of grain yield per acre, and what is the price paid per bu.? Do you have rainfall sufficient each year to raise a good crop of grain? How does stock do that far north? How do vegetables do? What is the market for them? Is there a good market or not? How does poultry do? What are the prices of eggs and butter? What is the price for horses? Also cattle and hogs? Price of poultry per dozen? What is lumber worth per M.? I would be thankful for any information you can give me in answer to the above questions and any additional information will be thankfully received. How large a city is (blank)? Do you think it will ever be a city of considerable size? Where is the best outlet as a market for farm produce? And do you think it will continue to be good? Is there any call for improved farms? Or is there only lands being taken as homesteads and such as is bought of the land companies, railroad, etc. I enclose stamp for reply. Don't know if you can use it or not, but think the P.O. will take it in ex."

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill. "If there is anything in the theory of transmigration of souls you'll be a war-horse after death."

"That sounds rather flattering," remarked Dr. Price.

"Yes, you're such a splendid charger."

Man is so prone to err that he should reflect a little before drawing attention to the mistakes of others. A professor who prided himself on his correct English, says the "Chicago Journal," heard his wife remark:

"I intended to tell Jane to bring in a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless meant a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some little attention to your rhetoric."

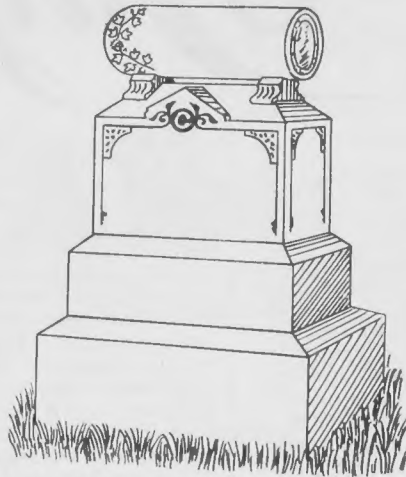
A few minutes later he said "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear."

And the learned professor became all at once much interested in his book.

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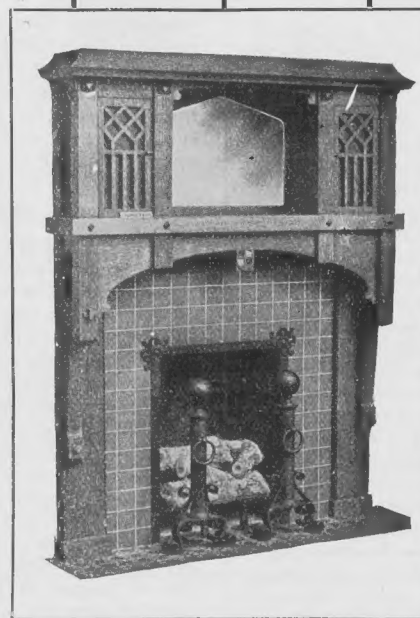
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RALPH CONNOR: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

By Cherrington Brown.

Student Days.

In an estimation of Ralph Connor there is a decided tendency to regard him merely as a writer of fascinating fiction. Other elements of his strength have been overshadowed by the growth and later development of his gift as a writer. But Mr. Gordon has no reason to be ashamed of his achievements in the intellectual realm. After a common and high school course, he entered Toronto University. Like many distinguished men, he did not tie himself very fast to the college curriculum. He never became a book worm in the strictest sense of the term, or an expert in any branch of study. On the other hand he was not an idler. He gave free play to an alert and comprehensive mind, and allowed his poetic taste to grow by browsing in many literary fields. Yet he did not altogether neglect study. He graduated with classical honors in 1883.

In all that pertained to the life of the University he took a lively interest. He was passionately fond of sports. He played football; trained in the gymnasium and sang tenor in the College Glee Club.

At the close of the year, he decided to devote himself to the work of the Christian Ministry. He entered Knox College, Toronto, where he remained for three years. During these years his health was indifferent; but in spite of this drawback, he carried off valuable prizes and an unusual number of scholarships. Leaving Knox College, he spent a year in Edinburgh and on the Continent in search of education and health. The change was beneficial, and on his return he applied to the Presbyterian Board of Missions for a station. He was sent to Banff, where for two years he lived and worked as a missionary amid the scenes which he has so vividly portrayed.

The Religious Outlook.

Mr. Gordon brought to the West a thoroughly trained mind with which to cope with the questions which continually confront the religious worker.

Knowing how deeply he feels upon church matters and confident that he has given much attention to the religious future of the Great Northwest, I asked him for an opinion.

"The religious outlook of Western Canada is undoubtedly very bright," he said. "Never had a nation so auspicious a beginning, religiously. We have a people trained in a religious atmosphere and nourished upon religious teaching; we have in our institutions the crystallization of all that is best and wisest in the history of the greatest nations that have been."

"Do you think climate has anything to do with the moral tone of a people, Mr. Gordon?"

"Emphatically I do. Our climate is unfriendly to the indolent and luxurious; but stimulating to the energetic and industrious. These are the things that give one hope for the religious and moral future of our country."

"Granted, Mr. Gordon, that energy and industry make moral fibre, but surely there must be other agencies at work to make a people religious."

"You are quite right. Among these other agencies, our hope for the religious future lies in the intelligent, fervent, spiritual preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and in united efforts of the Christians who compose the various churches, to preserve the high ideals of the Kingdom of Heaven and to realize them in actual life."

The Political Future.

Ministers are often accused of being ignorant of municipal and political matters. In fact, seldom does a preacher lift up his voice against flagrant wrongs, but he regrets it. The most spiritually minded declare he is not preaching the gospel, and the worldly charge him with going out of his way to discuss themes of which he is profoundly ignorant. Ignorance of civic or national

politics cannot be laid at the door of the minister of St. Stephens. He has the West at his finger ends, and when he speaks of corrupt practices, he does so because he is well informed as to his facts.

"Have you turned your horoscope upon the political future of the West?" I asked.

He laughed. "Ministers are not supposed, you know, to forecast political futures, or to deal in any but one kind of future. Still, I have a few ideas."

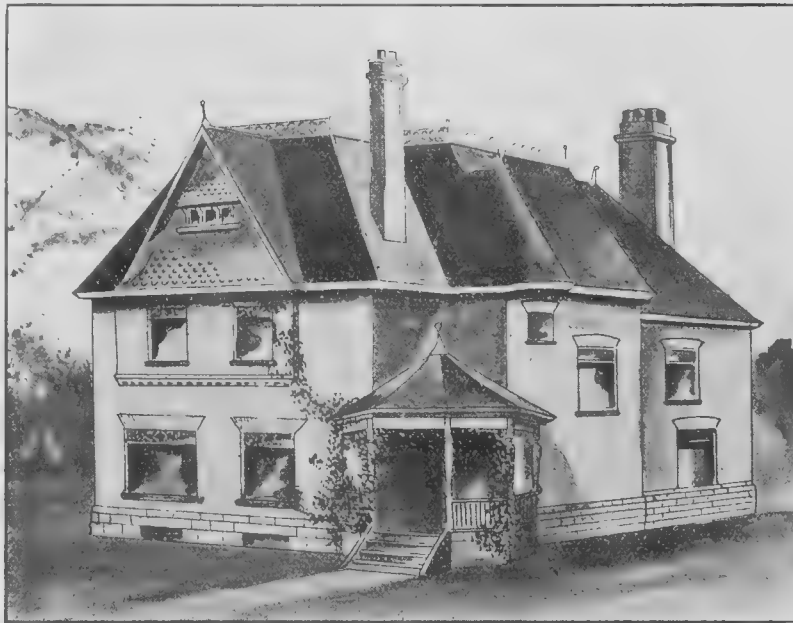
"I believe that Great States will lie West of the lakes, great in resources and greater in their peoples. The rapidity of development, and the growth in wealth will bring with them serious danger to political purity and integrity. The best men will be busy in the making of wealth. The men disinclined to the drudgery of daily toil, endued with inordinate personal ambition, and the trick of a 'swivel tongue,' will offer themselves as political leaders to the great detriment of our political life. We may have to pass through our period of folly and corruption, but we shall at last win out. The honest hearted, sober minded people of the Canadian West will grow intolerant of self-seeking schemers and

vades the whole church life. The preacher appeals strongly to young manhood, he has the faculty of finding the soul and with the experienced skill of a moral physician, ministering to its needs.

Mr. Gordon's style of preaching is distinct. The combination of humor and moral earnestness which characterize his books, are to be found in his preaching. Both are natural. He never strains for thought. One never expects "padding" from the pulpit of St. Stephens. The preacher is thoughtful, devout; and possesses in a marked degree the sense of the fitness of things. There is no "slurring" of "introductory parts of the service." Mr. Gordon knows no introductory part of worship. The prayers are offered, the hymns announced, the offering taken, in the spirit of worship. The sermons are never slipshod. That the preacher is wide-awake to current philosophical and theological thought, one soon feels, as he listens to the author of "The Prospector." Mr. Gordon has a charm of manner which is given to few; but it is not a charming personality which crowds St. Stephen's Church. It is a man with convictions, who loves that strange thing, the soul of man. To the pastor of St. Stephen's, the soul is a priceless jewel, to be reclaimed from life's dusty roadsides—a gem to be polished for his Master's crown.

Ralph Connor's New Vision.

"Mr. Gordon, you have been in the



Home of Rev. C. W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), Broadway, Winnipeg.

trick talkers, and choose for their leaders men honest and wise."

"Mr. Gordon, you are a very optimistic man. After all you seem to deal much in 'futures'?"

"Well, if you had come here when I did, you would believe in them, too. I have seen towns and cities spring up with the rapidity of the proverbial mushroom."

"I believe, Mr. Gordon, that you are one of the best advertising agents the West has."

"I hope I am," he replied, "not of course, for selfish purposes, but on truly patriotic grounds. No man can be truly patriotic who has not seen Western Canada. He may have a kind of local enthusiasm for province or country, but he is not a Canadian in the broad magnificent sense of the word until he has traversed the reaches and breathed the airs of the wide, free West."

Ralph Connor and St. Stephen's.

The new St. Stephen's church and the crowds which flock to it every Sunday evening are unmistakable evidences of Mr. Gordon's success as a minister of the gospel. St. Stephen Church is situated in one of Winnipeg's best residential districts. It was a mission church when Mr. Gordon took charge; its prosperity has been continuous and solid. It is the centre of a wide-spreading religious influence. Young men from the old land seek the genuine hospitality which it extends, and are captivated by the fine courtesy which per-

habit of seeing heroes in people who appear very ordinary to most of us commonplace mortals, have you seen any new ones lately?"

"Ah, you are trying to find out the name of my next book. That's a secret," he said with a merry twinkle.

"Oh, no," I replied, "I do not wish to pry open the literary secret cells of your teeming mind. I thought there might be a vision, dream or prediction floating before the eyes of your imagination. You authors are always seeing things, you know."

"I have," he said, "a vision which never leaves me."

"Please tell me of it," I answered.

"It is of the West."

The future of Canada will be determined largely by the future of the West. If the Dominion is ever to be great among the nations it will be because the West has made her great. At the foundation of the greatness of all nations lies the land, its enterprises, its products, its workers, and great as are the sources of Western Canada in mines, in water powers, in forests, in fish, its supreme potentiality lies in its acres of wheat growing land. The country that can feed millions will some day have millions to feed, and so it is no vain imagination to dream of the day when Canada shall have her hundred millions and more."

"Stop! Mr. Gordon, I cannot follow you. Surely you are among your books. You are the author again. You are out upon the vast plains, or up among the everlasting Rockies, in the Land of

Shock, and Gwen of the Canyon fame. Aren't you a little bit too optimistic—even for a novelist?"

"Not at all. Population means arts and manufactures. We who are alive now in Western Canada are gazing upon the beginnings of truly great things. An empire is being outlined under our eyes. It should be the concern of all true Canadians that the lines should be drawn straight and true, and the foundations laid in righteousness."

"That sounds a little like preaching, Mr. Gordon. Isn't it a little too abstract? What is necessary to combat the flood of evil which you say threatens our national life?"

"Resolution. Against every foe of industry, simplicity, honor and self-control, all true Canadians should resolutely set themselves."

Personal Charm.

Ralph Connor in the seclusion of private life has made a host of friends. His faculty for attracting and attaching people to himself amounts to genius. He loves children and they in turn hand up to him the key to the door of their young hearts. In the early pioneer missionary days, it was his success with his children which gave him an entrance into the hearts and homes of the parents. His power over children is the secret of his tremendous popularity as a writer, for people of all ages respond quickly and unreservedly to his simple ingenuousness; and follow with confidence the lead of one who is truth "in the inward parts."

Ralph Connor has not exhausted his literary possibilities. He is still a young man; his critics think they see in his later work a distinct growth—an earnest of greater things to come.

Why He Does Not Give up the Ministry.

The question which many have asked was in my mind—Whether, with the great success which has fallen to him as a writer, he should not give up the ministry as a profession and adopt a literary calling. I asked him the question.

"No," he said. "I shall not give up the ministry. My books have arisen out of my ministerial work, in fact, they are wrapped up in it. If my strength endures, I shall continue my pastoral duties. As you say I could make a lot of money by devoting myself entirely to writing, how much, it would stagger you to hear; but I love to preach the Everlasting Gospel. I make no apology for the dominance of the religious element in my books. They are written to show that men cannot live without Christ, and that He is able to make them the men they ought to be."

I came away charmed with the winsomeness of the great author, and persuaded that behind the charm are the elements of character, and truly noble ideas which feed the fires of a great conviction.

Eighteen million, seven hundred and fifty thousand people visited the St. Louis Exposition.

"To err is human," 'tis said, but the "human" considers it beastly hard luck to be compelled to pay the penalty for the error.

The man who always does his best is always improving. It's the man who holds back his best effort for a grand-stand play that never has the grand-stand to play to.

One million, eight hundred thousand rivets were used in the construction of the new Cunard Line steamship Caronia, the largest vessel ever built in Great Britain. The weight of metal thus used was about 600 tons.

The new machine which is said to be capable of turning out 10,000,000 matches a day, requiring the employment of but three or four operatives to run it at that pace, is another reminder of the way labor saving machinery is getting in its lively work in these modern days.

They Spread Disease.

House flies and mosquitos are now known to be the means of spreading infectious diseases such as small pox and typhoid fever. No successful plan for killing mosquitos in large quantities has yet been devised, but all the flies in any room can be killed in a few hours by using Wilson's Fly Pads.

Do not accept disappointing substitutes; there are no other fly-killers that compare with Wilson's Fly Pads.

The Canada Business College, Chatham, Ontario

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Canada Business College, of Chatham, Ont., which appears in this issue. This institution has been doing a grand work in the line of commercial training for the past 29 years, and is to-day the only business school in Canada which has been running for that length of time without change of management. D. McLachlan, the founder of the school in 1876, is still principal of the institution, and is recognized as the leading commercial educationist of the Dominion; his long and particularly successful career fully entitling him to this distinction.

This school has always held a high ideal in commercial training and has endeavored to bring its students up to the standard set, before graduating them. For the past five years they have also been running a Mail Course Department, for the benefit of those whose circumstances will not allow them to leave home to attend school, and also for those who purpose attending the institution at a later date, and who may wish to save time and expense by covering as much of the ground as possible before going to Chatham.

The year just closing has proved the greatest in the history of the institution. The greatest when the number of students is taken into account, and the greatest when the number of students placed in good positions is considered. When the wages, which the students who have gone out are commanding, is further taken into account, it makes it the greatest year in another particular. The total sum of wages paid to the 375 students who were placed during the year ending June, 1904, represents an average of nearly \$600 to each per annum; and when the places represented in the attendance during the year ending June, 1905, is also considered, it shows a record for the year never before approached.

The attendance during the past year showed representatives from nearly 130 cities, towns and villages in Canada and the United States, fully two-thirds of them being from points nearer to other business schools than to Chatham. This year's register shows students from Yukon, Alberta, Assiniboia, Manitoba, New Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and also from Newfoundland, together with five states of the American Union. Manitoba alone sends five, while the Northwest Territories send eight.

The Canada Business College, of Chatham, follows a practice that is followed by no other business school in the Dominion; that of publishing an-

nually a list of all students who have accepted good positions during the year. This course has been followed since 1897, when the number of students placed was 103 during the 12 months ending June of that year. In 1900 the number placed during the ten months ending June of that year had reached the 230 mark, and during the year ending 1904 the list of students placed had reached the magnificent total of 375; and the principal tells us that they had easily as many more calls that could not be filled for lack of material when the calls came in.

This institution is well deserving of the distinction which it is credited with, viz., that of being "Canada's Greatest School of Business, Shorthand and Penmanship."

The firm of D. McLachlan & Co. also own and manage the McLachlan Business University, of Grand Rapids, Mich., a school that stands in the very front rank among the best business schools of the state.

Another feature of the Chatham school worthy of special mention is the allowing of railway fare to students coming from a distance up to \$8.00.

Their beautiful catalogues, mail course or general, are sent for the asking, and we take special pleasure in recommending this school to those who are desirous of getting high class business training.

—○○○—

Can the Eye Follow a Bullet's Flight.

It is not easy to believe that it is possible to watch the flight of a rifle bullet. It has remained for two or three Adirondack riflemen to prove that it is possible under right conditions to watch the flight of a rifle ball; to do it with the naked eye; and to show the bullets during flight to all observers who have fair eyesight. The discovery was made as follows:

Some gentlemen were at an hotel at Minerva, on October 25th, 1904, target shooting. H. J. Callahan was out at one side, watching the target, which was about 150 yards from the firing point. About 3.30 p.m., when the sun shone at just the right angle, he first noticed a silver streak as each shot was fired, travelling from the gun to the target, and spoke of it.

On October 27th I was invited to call at the hotel and view the second series of experiments kindly made for my benefit. Though thoroughly unconvinced by what I had heard two days before, I went, and on placing myself properly, I saw the third bullet fired, as well as a dozen or so besides. The guns used on the second day's trial were a 38-40 and a 38-55. Factory ammunition was used in both experiments. The 38-55 was the prettiest bullet to watch. It showed a curious streak of light in a manner all its own.—Rodney West in Recreation.

—○○○—

In sixty-eight samples of sausage examined recently by a government analyst at Melbourne not a particle of pork was found.



ST. BONIFACE NEW CITY HALL.

This is a photograph from the original water color, which won in competition for the new St. Boniface town hall, and was submitted by our special architect, V. W. Horwood. Mr. Horwood comes from a family of architects and artists, and we congratulate him upon his success. The building will make a dignified and massive one, and the interior is laid out to the best advantage, with fine columned effect and massive staircase. It is to be built of stone and brick.

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DON'T FORGET GOLD STANDARD TEAS

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon.

Success.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, affirms that the best lecture which he ever listened to on the subject of "Success" was delivered by an individual who was an absolute failure in everything he ever attempted—except that lecture on success. He failed in business. He failed in the ministry. He failed to keep out of debt. He failed to bring up his children in the right way. His lecture on Success, however, was a tremendous success. It drew crowded houses. Wherever he appeared they asked him to return and tell them once again "How to Succeed." It is possible, therefore, to grow eloquent on a subject without being a living illustration of the doctrine which you preach.

Brilliant Men.

Years ago I tried to secure a position for a young man of exceptional gifts but rather erratic in temperament and eccentric in disposition. I made my appeal to one of the largest and most successful publishing houses on the continent of North America. I imagined that in the various departments of such a huge concern there might be room and scope for the unusual gifts of my talented friend. I secured an introduction to the proper executive and pleaded that a position might be found for a young man above the average in mental strength if somewhat uneven in his disposition and peculiar in his personal habits. I remember well his answer: "I have no use for brilliant men." And he immediately preached a sermon to me on the disadvantages of the "brilliant" man. He preferred the slow, plodding, careful, determined sort. "Brilliant men need watching," he said. "The man of genius needs a keeper," he added. I guess he was right. I have met scores of men occupying positions of responsibility and envied by their friends and neighbors because of their rapid promotion, and almost invariably they were men of quiet mien and approachable manner. Ordinary men, most of them, with just a little more will power and determination expressed in the face than belongs to most of us. The slow, stupid, steady plodding character "gets there" nine times out of ten. He makes hay while the brilliant man shines. If you are brilliant, don't depend on your brilliancy. Business men are looking for young men who can be relied upon. Even in temperament, sweet in disposition, regular in their habits and absolutely sure in an emergency.

College Men.

I was seated in the office of a Boston millionaire one day. He was a self-made man and one who had arisen from obscurity and poverty by his own efforts. Through the window of his private office you could see the desks and documents of fifty clerks and bookkeepers busy at work on the accounts of the millionaire. The business establishment was situated within half a mile of Harvard College with its 3,000 students. And of these he may have been thinking when he turned in his revolving chair and pointing toward his busy clerks remarked: "Of what advantage is a college education? I have young fellows in that office who never saw the inside of college halls, who are more clever by one hundred per cent. than most of the college graduates who are employed in this establishment." The self-made millionaire imagined that the Harvard graduate, when he entered the commercial realm, would prove himself above the average. In this he was disappointed—the ambitious but untrained American youth had proven himself brighter and keener in the competition for commercial success. All of which leads us to remark that a college education is a splendid thing

to have but a poor thing to depend upon. Mental discipline will never take the place of business experience. The ambitious young man who is ignorant and knows it will out-distance the college-bred youth who possesses a diploma and depends upon it. Get a college training by all means, but remember that in courts of commerce "gumption" is fully as important as knowledge.

Get a Start.

Hundreds of books are being written and published just now bearing on the subject: "How to get on in the world." A very important subject and one in which most young men who are ambitious are exceedingly interested. Due emphasis is placed on the importance of tact, energy, enterprise and perseverance, and all these qualifications are essential, but it seems to us that the main thing in this day when competition is strong and all the callings and professions are crowded, the main thing is to get a good start. A good beginning is prophetic of a good ending. Old Commodore



J. Proctor, Trainer T. Muckle, A. Park, R. Logan, A. MacLennan, J. A. Ross, G. Wright
Thos. Hamilton, J. McEwan, W. W. Stewart, Hugh McLeod, R. Mills, A. Carr, R. D. Stark
(President) R. McEwan J. G. Newall (Sec.-Treas.)

CALEDONIA FOOTBALL CLUB, CALGARY, CHAMPIONS, N.W.T., 1904.

Vanderbilt—the first of the Vanderbilts—affirmed that the most difficult achievement of his life was the accumulation of his first ten thousand dollars. After that amount had been secured, all things seemed possible to the prospective millionaire. The young man who wears out one suit of clothes before he buys another—as James Gordon Bennett says he did—and invests the savings of a year in a piece of real estate which is increasing in value even while he sleeps, is a capitalist from the moment he makes his investment. Get a start, even if it takes five years to build a bank account of \$100. Get a start! Get on your feet!

Brains.

When Disraeli was delivering a speech before a political gathering where his enemies seemed to be as numerous as his friends, one of his auditors exclaimed: "Where do you stand, anyhow?" to which the statesman replied: "I stand on my head." Few men can stand on that part of their anatomy and do it gracefully. But Lord Beaconsfield could stand on his head. He belonged to the aristocracy of brains. His remark reminds us of Edmund Burke when he said: "I do not fear the day of judgment half so much as I do the day of no judgment." Thinkers are the kings of the earth. Robert G. Ingersoll was right when he said: "The man who can't think is an idiot, the man who won't think is a fool, and the man who dare not think is a slave."

Where Do You Spend Your Evenings?

He was a young man about twenty-four years of age. He held a responsible position—next to the chief bookkeeper. His compensation was \$1,000 per annum. He audited the accounts of twenty cashiers daily, checked off the vouchers and deposited the funds with the proper banking concern. His progress and promotion had been steady and encouraging. He had every reason to believe that his future was as sure as the future of the business house with which he was identified. He thought that if he served his employers faithfully during the day it was no proper concern of theirs what disposition he made of his evenings or how he spent his Sundays. It never dawned upon him that there are certain methods employed by large commercial establishments by which the dissipations of favorite clerks and responsible executives may be discovered and reported to headquarters. His sudden removal from a position of responsibility at \$1,000 a year to a position less conspicuous at \$600 per annum, without a word of explanation, was the first intimation which the young man received that his employers regarded his social habits as altogether too expensive to continue him longer in a position which necessitated a daily handling of the funds of the concern. An evening's dissipation may ruin a reputation which it has taken years to

ren of furniture. Not a desk, chair or even window sill which he could sit down upon. Both stood during the conversation, which, of course, was brief, as Jay Gould intended it should be. Gould had evidently planned that room to save time. My friend stood, told his story, asked for a favor and retired. Time is money and no man knows it better than the man of means. The Montreal merchant who handed the hotel waiter a handsome fee, saying: "Be quick; every minute of my time is worth a dollar in gold," may have told the exact truth. "Ten minutes lost forever!" muttered John Wesley, when his coachman arrived one morning at ten minutes past four instead of being on hand promptly at 4 o'clock. Napoleon said in criticism of his enemies: "They do not know the value of time." John Ruskin had a motto on his desk expressed in two words: "To-Day." "Time is the stuff out of which life is made," said Benjamin Franklin. Men of genius know the value of time.

There is a vast difference between being steadfast and stuckfast.

Labor is luck if joined with pluck, and steady aim brings down the game.

The trinity of faith is faith in God, faith in man and faith in yourself.

The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it located at the point where his brains ought to be.

You may yearn for success, but you cannot yawn yourself into success.

Aim—Steady!

Get ready;
Aim steady!
Send the shot
To the vital spot.
If you fire in vain—
Fire again. Success is sure,
If only you endure.

The man who exchanges character for cash, purity for power, principle for party, manhood for money, his soul for silver and his God for gold is a failure first, and last and always.

Napoleon once said that the greatest effort of his life was to find men of deeds rather than men of words.

Doing and Enduring.

There are three questions for every man to answer. First: What can you do? That is a question of brain power and personal ability. Second: How much can you do? That is a question of health, strength and vitality. Third: How much can you endure? That is a question of will power and mental determination. The ability to hold on is just as important as the disposition to go on. When Energy resides with Stability, success and happiness is the result.

The Camp-Fire.

Darkness is on. The night is black.
Thro' the silent timber sounds the howling
of the pack.
On the sky above a deep, dense cloud
Hovers o'er earth like a sombre shroud—
And the fire cracks loud.

Darkness is on. The stark, grim pines
Stand tall and black in irregular lines.
E'en tho' darkness be on, and the pines are
drear
And the deer are few, yet freedom is here
With the camp-fire near.

Darkness is on. The fir trees sigh;
The horned owl moans, and the gray wolves
cry—
And tho' even so, we haven't a care,
For the city is far. So sit and stare
At the camp-fire there. —Recreation.

In the Wells Cathedral, England, is the oldest self-striking clock in the world, having been built in 1320.

Banister sliding is easy work—but you had better make haste slowly on the first trip down lest you have an unpleasant hang-up on a splinter!

Der best successeders in dis world is dem dot depend on home-made success.—Dinkelspiel.

A Merchant Prince.

I was once a clerk in John Wanamaker's establishment in the city of Philadelphia. For four years I had a splendid opportunity to study the manners and methods of the man who has become the merchant prince of the Quaker city. One thing impressed me. Among the four thousand men employed by Wanamaker, none worked so hard as the merchant himself. I had charge of the Foreign Invoice Department. More than once I found it necessary to go to work an hour or two earlier than the schedule time, but at half-past six or seven o'clock in the morning I found John Wanamaker already at work, hours in advance of everybody else. Occasionally I worked overtime and remained in the great departmental store until ten or eleven o'clock at night, but when I left the gas was still burning in the private office of the tireless merchant. He worked for a living. There are only two classes in the world: labor men and lazy men—the working class and the shirking class.

Time is Money.

A friend of mine called on Jay Gould. He had business of importance and he wished to confer privately with the famous millionaire. He was received in a small room absolutely bar-

SUMMER SALE

PIANOS PIANOLAS VOCALIONS ORGANS

We have on hand a large number of instruments used for a short time for renting purposes, and also a number taken in exchange on new Mason & Risch Pianos, that we intend to dispose of during July. We do not want one of these instruments at the end of the month as our warerooms will then be full of new stock now being made ready for shipment from our factory. We will not attempt to give a full list here, but can assure you we have a number of exceptional bargains.

UPRIGHT PIANOS	SQUARE PIANOS	PIANOLAS	VOCALIONS	ORGANS
\$65.00 to \$350.00	\$50.00 to \$125.00	\$160.00 to \$250.00	\$200.00 to \$800.00	\$15.00 to \$110.00
TERMS: \$3.00 to \$15.00 per month.	TERMS: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per month.	TERMS: \$6.00 to \$10.00 per month.	TERMS: From \$8.00 per month up.	TERMS: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per month.

We have instruments to correspond with the prices mentioned above. Write us at once for list and photographs. State what instrument you want and about what price, and we will guarantee to give you a satisfactory one. These are temporary instruments which you can exchange with us at a later date on new Mason & Risch Pianos. Write immediately for full particulars.

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An Ugly Duckling

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly.



HE Brinton-Hoards dwelt in the finest residence in Argentown, and were accorded a proper degree of deference by people who merely lived in houses. Chronologically, as well as in point of worldly possessions, Judge Brinton-Hoard was one of the "first citizens" of Argentown; but it was Jack's mother who maintained the family dignity, and who insisted upon the un-Western adherence to the hyphenated name.

As for Jack, he had long since been labeled a disappointment. His father's desire was to see him grow up to be an honored member of the legal profession; but as Jack's school record continued to show a fair average in mathematics and dismal failures in rhetoric and composition, the judge lost heart, and had serious thoughts of sending his son East to some one of the scholastic gentlemen who advertise to make Admirable Crichtons out of the most unpromising material.

And if the son was a knotty problem to his father, he was certainly a sore trial to his mother. Mrs. Brinton-Hoard's ideal Jack was well-mannered, graceful, and handsome; whereas the real Jack was uncouth, awkward, and homely. His feet were always getting tangled in the rugs; and at the dinner-table—especially the company dinner-table—he had a way of making himself unconsciously conspicuous that was little less than painful.

Aunt Lascelles, who lived in New York, had never seen her nephew, but her comment on his photograph was unmercifully just. "For pity's sake!" she had said, "he's homely enough to stop a clock!" and she might have added that he was ingenious enough to start it again, for it was in the matter of stopped clocks and other interrupted mechanisms that Jack came out bright and strong. Latin and Greek were both Greek to him; but the internal economy of a steam-engine was as apparent as the sun at noon-day. Two steps into the maze of irregular verbs bewildered him hopelessly; but he would figure out the most abstruse problem in mechanics for mere pastime.

It was Jack's mechanical leanings and their unavoidable accompaniments, that capped the climax of his mother's despair.

"Where do you suppose I saw Jack, this afternoon?" she said, one day when the judge had come home a little earlier than usual.

"I don't know—in Peter Mantz's blacksmith shop?"

"That is just where he was; pounding away with a great hammer on a piece of red-hot iron!"

"Grimy as usual, I suppose?"

"Grimy?—he was a perfect sight! You could hardly tell what color he was for the soot and smut!"

"I think he divides his time pretty evenly between Mantz's and the machine shop," said the judge.

"Yes, and he gets oil on his clothes, and iron-filings rubbed into his hands, and I don't know what all. Worse than that, he's getting to talk just like the people he associates with."

Mrs. Brinton-Hoard rose and went to the window, and the judge resumed his book. Presently a gentle tapping began to make itself felt in the decorous silence of the library. The judge noticed it first.

"What is that noise?" he asked.

"I don't know," was the reply; and Mrs. Brinton-Hoard rang the bell and repeated the question to the servant.

"Sure, mum, it's Master Jack. The stuffing did be blowing out o' the wather pipe to the range, an' he's cut the wather off the while he fixes ut."

"Dear—dear! what next, I wonder? Norah, go down and send him up here directly."

Five minutes later the door opened

to admit what Jack's mother justly called a "sight." A stocky boy, shapeless in the upturned overalls of the gardener, his face grotesque with random smudges of red lead and soot, stumbled across the threshold.

"You're a pretty looking object to present yourself in your father's library, aren't you?" chided his mother.

The soot and red lead turned Jack's smile into a hideous grin. "Didn't have time to wash up," he explained.

The judge put down his book. "What in the world are you trying to do, Jack?"

"Fixing the water-back in the range; it leaks."

"But that is Cowley's work; you are not a plumber."

"I know, but I thought I could fix it, and I can. Besides, Cowley's gone away."

The judge took off his reading-glasses and put on the pince-nez, with which he overawed contemptuous attorneys and unrepentant criminals. "John," he said, gravely, "go and make yourself presentable and then come back here."

Jack hesitated. "Sha'n't I finish the job, first?" he asked.

"No; do as I tell you."

"All right," said Jack, but he stopped in the doorway to add, "Kate can't make a fire till that pipe's coupled up."

That put a different phase on the matter; no fire meant no supper, and the judge compromised with necessity. "H—m—m; are you sure you can re-adjust the pipe?"

"Why, of course; I took it apart."

"Very well; put it together again and then come to me."

Jack went his way comforted, and when he re-entered the library half an hour later, he was rather glad to find his father alone. He loved his mother in an undemonstrative way, but he stood a little in awe of her.

"Did you succeed?" asked the judge, shutting the paper-knife into his book to keep the place.

"Oh, yes; it wasn't much of a job."

"Very good. Now, Jack, I want to reason with you a little. These ingenuities of yours are all well enough in their way; and if you were going to be a plumber, or a gas-fitter, I should encourage them. But you know we have very different views for you; you are to go to college, you are to study law, and, by and by, when the burden grows too heavy for my shoulders, you will step in and help me carry it. Isn't that all true, Jack?"

Jack hung his head. "I know that's what you want me to do."

"Very well; then you must make the most of your opportunities and not waste your time and thought on these other things. If you persist, you know the alternative; don't make it necessary, Jack."

Jack both knew and dreaded the alternative. It was bad enough to have one's shortcomings paraded at home, where the jeers were at least friendly; but to go away and be clumsy and awkward and tongue-tied among strangers—the bare thought of it was harrowing.

"I don't want to go away, and I don't mean to be obstinate," he replied, urged into unwonted speech by the exigencies of the case. "I try, and try hard, to learn the things you want me to, but it just seems as if I can't. And about the tinkering—I'd rather fix things than eat, and I can't help that either."

The judge took up his book and opened it at the paper-knife. "You must help it, my son; you know your mother's wishes and mine. See that you bring me a better report from Professor Rhodes at the end of the month."

The month had three weeks to live at the time of this conversation, and for twenty-one days Jack tried strenu-

ously to raise his standing in school. The effort increased his average in mathematics, but the other studies suffered by comparison, and the judge shook his head over the report and spent the Friday evening examining the prospectuses of several special schools for dull boys.

Nevertheless, Jack might have obtained a stay of proceedings if it had not been for the compound locomotive. For three weeks he had managed to steer clear of Mantz's, the machine shop, and the railway yard; but on Saturday he heard about the new engine, hesitated, went to the bridge across the tracks to view it from afar—and fell.

The new compound was an experiment on the Argentown line and the builders had sent a skilled workman to demonstrate its advantages. Unlike his kind, the man seemed to have a special fondness for interrogative boys; and he answered Jack's eager questions with gratifying minuteness of detail. More than that, when the engine was ordered out on its trial trip, he invited Jack to go along, and Jack went.

The trip was a long one, and he barely won home in time for supper, exultant, tired, conscience-stricken, and smelling of oil and burnt varnish. His father said nothing until after supper, and then the sentence of banishment was pronounced; on the following Thursday Jack was to start for Dr. Harshley's school in Pennsylvania, where the tutelage was warranted to succeed and the discipline to control and correct.

Pending the execution of the sentence, Jack went about with his head down and his hands in his pockets, finding no comfort in anything. On the Wednesday morning there was a small diversion. The window in his room overlooked the railway yard, and while he was dressing he saw a group of men gathered around a derailed engine. Half an hour later he was on the ground; it was the big compound, off the track in such a way as to effectually block the yard.

"How did she get off?" he asked one of the shopmen.

"Open switch; Larkins tried to throw it ahead of her and she was too quick for him."

"Why don't they put her on again?"

"They will, if you'll tell 'em how. She weighs sixty tons, and we can't touch her with any tackle we've got. The boss has wired for the wreck-train, but it can't get back before night."

Long after the men had gone to work and the idlers had left the yard, the shopman's words, "They will, if you'll tell 'em how," rang in Jack's ears as walked around and around the big engine, trying to make up his mind what he should do if he were the master-mechanic. It was a very respectable problem, and it quite overmatched all of his previous antagonists in the mechanical field; but he felt that if he could only figure it out, he could go away in the morning with fewer regrets.

By noon he had satisfied himself that the thing could be done without the help of the wrecking-train. He had solved the problem in theory, using the adjacent wall of the round-house for a blackboard; and he was finishing the conclusive diagram when Mr. Meacham, the master-mechanic, came by on his way to dinner.

"Hello, Jack; what's all this?" he asked.

Jack went dumb when he saw who it was, and stammered out something about trying to figure the engine out of its trouble.

"Figure it back on the iron?—well, you've made diagrams enough, if they'll do any good. Show me what you mean."

"Don't know as I can; Professor Rhodes says I never can explain anything, after I've done it. It seems to me just like this—" and he began to unravel the tangle of figures and diagrams.

The master-mechanic followed him, carelessly at first, and then with increasing interest. When Jack came to the end, he said:

"You've gone all around Robin Hood's barn to prove two or three very simple things; but at the same time, those very simple things hadn't occurred to any of the rest of us. I don't know but the thing can be done; anyway, we'll try it, after dinner. Are you going up home?"

The master-mechanic lived just beyond the Brinton-Hoards, and on the way up town he learned more about Jack's peculiar bent than the boy had ever before told anyone.

At the judge's gate, Mr. Meacham paused to say, "Jack, my boy, you

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Price per lineal foot.....20 cents.

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ought to be thankful; you've found out at the beginning of your life just what you are good for, and that is a great thing. Most of us have to blunder along through a good many years before we find out what we can do best."

"Don't do me any good," said Jack, bluntly; "I've got to be a lawyer."

"Is that what your father means to make of you?"

Jack nodded. "And I'm going away to-morrow to a school back East where they can make lawyers out of anything that comes along."

Mr. Meacham laughed and went on; and after a hasty luncheon, Jack hurried back to the railway yard. He was surprised to find the men already at work on the engine until he remembered that Mr. Meacham had a telephone; and while he was watching the preliminary blocking and wedging, the master-mechanic came down the yard arm-in-arm with Judge Brinton-Hoard.

Jack saw them, and for a little while he succeeded in keeping the bulk of the big locomotive between himself and his father. Then the judge saw him and called him, and together they stood upon a pile of cross-ties and watched the demonstration of Jack's problem. Mr. Meacham stood near them, giving the necessary orders; and, as the work went on, Jack had the satisfaction of seeing that the master-mechanic was following his plan in all of its important details. When the last pair of wheels dropped into place on the rails, Mr. Meacham turned to the judge.

"There, sir: that's as clever a bit of work as I ever saw, and the credit is Jack's, just as I told you. I was satisfied in my own mind, but I wanted you to see for yourself."

The judge did not reply, and now that the anxious interval was over, Jack remembered that his father had been silent and preoccupied from the first. Thinking it was the silence of disapproval, he held his peace on the way home; but when his father led him into the library and began to pace the floor with his hands clasped behind him, Jack understood, and immediately became as clay in the hands of the potter.

"Don't mind it, father—it's the last time, and I'm sorry I did it," he began, but the judge stopped him.

"You mustn't stultify yourself, my son; you know it's the proudest day

of your life, and you think I ought to rejoice with you, but I can't."

Jack put his perplexity into words. "I don't understand what you mean," he said; and honestly, since he had not thought of taking praise to himself on account of the demonstrated problem.

"Not now, perhaps, but you will, some day, when you have to give up the thing you have set your heart upon. Ever since you were a little chap in knee-breeches, Jack, I've been planning for your future, because you are all I have—and now I've been made to see that these plans have to be given up."

In all his life, Jack had never seen his father so profoundly moved, and a loyal spirit of self-abnegation prompted his reply.

"I won't disappoint you now, father; I'll go on and try my very best to do whatever you want me to."

The judge stopped in his walk and laid his hand on Jack's head.

"That was spoken like a brave lad, my son, but I mustn't let you outdo me in generosity. I am pretty sure now that between us we should spoil a good mechanic on the chance of making a poor lawyer, and that wouldn't do. Mr. Meacham has offered to take you into his office as soon as school closes, and I have decided to let you try it, if you want to."

A full heart ties the tongue quite as effectually as an empty one, and it was some little time before Jack could find the words to ask, "But mother—what will she say?"

The judge resumed his walk, and a curious little smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"That remains to be seen, Jack, but I think you'd better leave the telling to me. Who knows but you may yet be able to make us both proud of you?"

It was some years afterward that Mrs. Brinton-Hoard visited Aunt Lascelles in New York.

"And Jack couldn't come with you, after all," said the aunt, when the greetings were over.

"No; and I was so disappointed. You know Jack's invention has made him quite famous, and he had to go to San Francisco to meet a party of mine owners who want to consult him as an expert. It was dreadfully provoking, and at the last minute, too, but we are very proud of Jack."



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things of earth and sky and sea shall be added unto us, multiplied exceedingly.

—John J. Young.

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Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions, and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie.

The West needs men of intelligence, industry and integrity to form the basis of our citizenship; newspapers that stand for truth while they spread information, and public men who place the public good above party success or personal gain.

The West needs women, good, lovable, "womanly women" to be the companions and helpmeets of such men; women to make the homes and train up the young in the way of truth, morality and good manners; women whose example and influence assist to fill our churches, and carry on those higher agencies for good for which Divine Wisdom seems specially to have fitted them; women who command the respect while they win the affections of men.

To crown the national edifice, the West needs schools to supplement and extend the work of the home in moulding and building up the character of the coming men and women of our



John J. Young, M.L.A.
North-West Territories.

flowing abundance—resources of forest, mine, soil and water that probably no other country on God's great earth can boast. It goes without saying that for the best development of those resources we need to have unlocked for us the treasures of the East, and that the capital thus let loose shall be directed with liberality tempered by reasonable caution and intelligence. We need more men—good men—of our own and kindred races—on our farms and ranches, at the heads of our business enterprises, in our pulpits and law offices, in all departments of activity; but more than all, and most of all, we need good men—big men in intellect, in culture, in morals—to teach in our schools, to run our newspapers and to conduct our governments. Given these, the other good things will follow as sure as sunshine follows rain. Small men, selfish men, pettifoggers, mean little fellows grubbing like moles we don't want. The Lord deliver Western Canada from all such, for they are worse than the plague. Give us a charitable people, a tolerant, generous, truth-loving, cheerful, enterprising, hard-working population and all the good



John Nicholls.

land; and above all, like some tall spire piercing the blue with its sun-lit radiance, churches—temples of the Most High—and ministers of religion,

who can teach, and encourage and lead in the way of the Higher Life, the Unseen, the Spiritual, and the Eternal. These will meet the needs of the West, for with them and in them lies the promise and the potency of the future.

John Nicholls, Grenfell.

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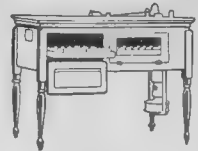
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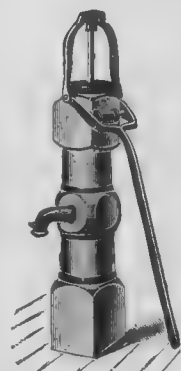


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shows representatives from nearly 130 cities, towns, and villages in Canada and the United States; fully two-thirds of them being from points nearer to other business schools than to Chatham.

What the Storm Brought

"Don't pretend you love me," I said crossly, to Sir Rowland White, as he followed me most persistently round the vicarage fruit-garden. "You only come here when your own grand friends and relations are in town. Last week you were too much taken up with your cousin, Lady Angela—" "Daisy, darling!" he interrupted, "do be kind and reasonable. You know I am obliged to attend to my guests. Besides which, you were invited to come one evening, and you sent an excuse." "Sent an excuse!" I cried, angrily. "You are entirely wrong in that supposition. Why, papa was ill in bed, and how could I leave him?" "My dear little girl, I really believe you could have done if you had not been so determined not to come near when Angela Forbes was with us. Your father was not seriously ill."

"And you think a little country mouse, like I am, has sufficient courage to meet a lot of fashionable London people, without her father's presence to support her?" I asked, rather feebly, for he was very near the truth. Papa had not been ailing much,

and if it had not been for my obstinate pride, I should have gone, especially as Sir Rowland's mother offered to send a carriage for me. But for one thing, I did not want to wear my little country-made gown; for I knew how poor and insignificant it would look beside Angela Forbes', for one. It did not matter so much when Sir Rowland and his mother were alone; or when any of our country neighbors were there. "You will look as pretty as any of them, Pet," Dad said, when I refused to go. "What does it matter about fine feathers? I know one who will be disappointed if you stay away." But I was determined, and so Dad said nothing more. Only when Sir Rowland kept away for above a week, I think he thought I was being punished for my pride. We were not formally engaged; but it was my fault. Sir Rowland kept declaring his love for me every few months; however, I could not make up my mind to part with my liberty—although I knew he was the dearest old dear in the world. But then I was only eighteen; and I was quite used to having him devoted to me; so that if

his neglect of the last week seemed all the greater.

He did not answer my question, and we walked twice round the garden in silence. "Well!" I cried at last, standing still, "do you intend speaking again, Sir Rowland, or shall we go into the house and find papa? Dick Foster is coming this evening to take me to Fairlie Glen to hear the nightingales sing."

"Dick Foster!" he exclaimed. "You know I do not like you going out with that boy, Daisy."

"He is not a boy," I returned; "he is twenty-three, and will soon be a partner in his father's practice. Why need you object if my father approves?"

"Your dear old dad has not heard a quarter I have about him, or he would not allow you to be seen out with him. Don't go, Daisy, darling; I will take you any evening next week."

"Why not this?"

"Oh! because of those confound—I beg your pardon, little girl; but you know I cannot get away whilst my mother's friends are at the Hall. The only reason I have escaped to-night is because they are all off to the other side of the county to a dance, and I sent an excuse."

"Then if you wish to take me to Fairlie Glen you must make another excuse to-morrow," I said in a determined manner. "I will not go with Dick this evening; but if you don't come for me before eight

to-morrow I will promise him again."

Sir Rowland looked very hard at me for a few minutes, and then said—

"And if I break all engagements for your sake, Daisy—it must be on the understanding that you come back from the Glen my promised wife."

I hesitated a few minutes. I parted with my liberty, I felt sure, if I said "Yes," for I did not think Sir Rowland would fail to keep the appointment.

"Yes," I murmured a length, "and if you don't come—"

"There is no doubt on that score," he interrupted. "Now, Daisy, I must go, so say 'Good-bye' prettily to me."

With that he went, and I watched the tall figure cross the fields; and hoped Dick would forget to come, for I did not want the trouble of making an excuse to him. However, he did not forget; and it was a very sulky, bad-tempered young man I had to deal with; but after a good deal of arguing, he left, declaring I was the hardest-hearted girl it was ever his bad fortune to meet. I was really beginning to think it must be true.

Time dragged dreadfully next day. My usual occupations did not satisfy me. Feeding the birds and waiting on papa seemed very slow work. If my dear old dad noticed I was restless, he did not say anything; but was kinder and more patient than ever. Evening drew on, and I began to feel just a little excited. I dressed my flaxen mop—

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as Rowland called it—in quite a number of different ways, in imitation of the society ladies I had seen in church. Then I sat down, quite exhausted with the heat—for the day had been terribly sultry—to wait for eight o'clock. Evidently it must have had a soothing effect on me, for I fell asleep, and only awakened up as the hall door closed with a bang. I ran out expecting to see Sir Rowland, but a maid met me with the message—

"Sir Rowland's compliments, Miss Daisy, and he cannot come; but will explain."

"Is there not a note?" I burst out in fury.

"No, miss. A groom rode over, and he seems in a great taking over something."

It was the last straw. I hardly listened to what the girl said, but seized a hat from the hall stand and made for the door. That she called something rather sharply to me, I remembered afterwards; but I was too blinded with wrath to listen. At any rate I could go and listen to the night-gales alone. If Sir Rowland preferred Angela Forbes' society to mine, that was no reason why I should mope in the house. And so I ran, choosing the field path, as being more secluded, for I hardly felt as if I could speak to anyone if I met them. About half a mile from home the idea suddenly entered my head that to get to Fairlie Glen that way, I must pass close to the Hall, and so I halted, partly to consider and partly to get back my breath, which I found I had nearly lost in my mad race. Oh! how hot I was; and surely it was strangely dark; and what could that noise in the distance be? Thunder! It lawned upon me then why the maid had called out to me as I ran off. All the

servants knew how afraid I was of a thunderstorm. Papa generally took me in his arms and hid my face against his breast, until the violence of the elements abated. And now—here I was, half a mile from home, tired with running and trembling with fear. It was no use trying to be brave—the idea of a thunderstorm took all the strength out of me. I no longer felt angry, but limp and half dazed, I looked helplessly round for a shelter. The Hall was nearest, but I could never get there before the storm broke. I remembered there was a rude cattle shed in one of the fields, if I could reach that. Gasping and shuddering, I made the attempt, and just managed to get inside and bang to the door when a vivid flash of lightning, and an awful peal of thunder came, which made me sink on my knees in the darkest corner, praying God to spare me, and not leave my dear old dad childless. I think the next five or ten minutes were the most awful I ever spent. Flash after flash of vivid light, and then pitch darkness with the awful thunder. I moaned and sobbed, and dared not look up until I heard a voice shouting, and with a loud clatter the door was burst open and a dark, dripping figure rushed in and made straight for me. Was it human, or what? Had my last hour come? I looked not again, but with a scream of horror flung up my arms as it seized me, and then I knew no more.

The next thing I remembered was feeling that someone or something was trying to choke me. I coughed and gurgled, and wondered why my throat burnt so horribly; and who it was trying to force something into my mouth. After a struggle, I succeeded in turning my face away, and then

consciousness returning I remembered the head rushing in, and concluded it was that trying to strangle me.

"Daisy! Daisy!" said a voice, soothingly; "my dear child, don't struggle so desperately; you are faint. Try to be calm. The storm is over, and you are quite safe."

It was Sir Rowland's voice, and instantly I felt secure. I submitted quietly as he took me in his arms, and pillowed my head on his bosom. Even my anger against him seemed to have quite gone.

"My dear little girl," he whispered, "why were you so foolish as to leave home on such an evening? If it had not been that your father sent across to the man to enquire for you, as soon as your maid told him you had gone in that direction, I should never have thought of looking here, or at all. Why did you do it, Daisy?"

"You broke your word—" I began.

"But I sent a message."

"And such a message!"

"Child! child!" he cried, sadly, "why cannot you trust me? I said I would explain. Daisy—you need waste no more jealousy upon Angela Forbes—she is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes! She was thrown from her horse to-day, and died an hour afterwards. Her last words were of love to you. Now, once for all let me tell you I never gave her more than a cousin's love—and Daisy, she wished me happiness with you."

Thoroughly ashamed of all my temper, I put my arms round his neck and lifted up my face. Rowland was always kind and forgiving; he drew me close, kissed me fondly, and whispered—

"You must be my comforter, little girl."

Got the Position.

A manufacturer recently advertised for a man to fill the position of timekeeper at the factory gate, and among those who applied was an old man who wanted to secure the position for his son, who, he said, had met with an accident while incapacitated him from following his ordinary occupation.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the manufacturer.

"He was tossed by a bull and his left arm so badly broken as to necessitate amputation."

"H'm," mused the manufacturer. "That entitles him to consideration, but I don't want a man with a great amount of brains. He must not think for himself, but must do just what he is told."

"My boy will suit you, then," replied the old man. "His brains will never get him into trouble."

"Indeed! And why?"

"Because he's got none, sir, or he wouldn't have stopped to argue the point with the bull."

The man was engaged.



"Tommy, how did you get the back of your neck all sunburnt?"

"Pullin' weeds in the garden."

"But your hair is all wet."

"That's perspiration."

"Your vest is on wrong side out."

"Put it on that way a-purpose."

"And how does it happen, Tommy, dear, that you have got Jacky Thompson's trousers on?"

"Mother, I cannot tell a lie; I've been a-swimmin'."



The Pike



Judging Brood Mares



The Facade



Stallion Ring



Part of Machinery Exhibit

Cheap Excursions to Winnipeg Fair



DURING THE WINNIPEG EXHIBITION all railways tributary to Winnipeg will run excursions to the Prairie City. From all points in Manitoba and the Territories the return trip can be made for single fare or better. The dates fixed for the Fair are July 20th to 28th.

By that time our mammoth store will be completed and in full swing. We want every visitor to the Fair to come and see us. We will deem it a privilege to show them through a thoroughly up-to-date department store equipped with everything that makes for comfort and convenience.

If you are numbered among our many customers, scattered over every part of Western Canada, we want to meet you personally. If you have never bought from us before we want to make your acquaintance; we want to explain to you our method of doing business, and we want you to suggest anything that you think will tend to improve this method. Our business depends on your co-operation; it is a public institution, the existence of which depends on your support.

But whether you intend to purchase or not, we heartily invite you to use the conveniences we have placed in our store for the public.

There you will find a commodious resting room, an ideal spot to meet your friend and enjoy each other's company in comfort. In arranging appointments do not hesitate to mention our Resting Room as the meeting place. It was for this purpose that we had it arranged,

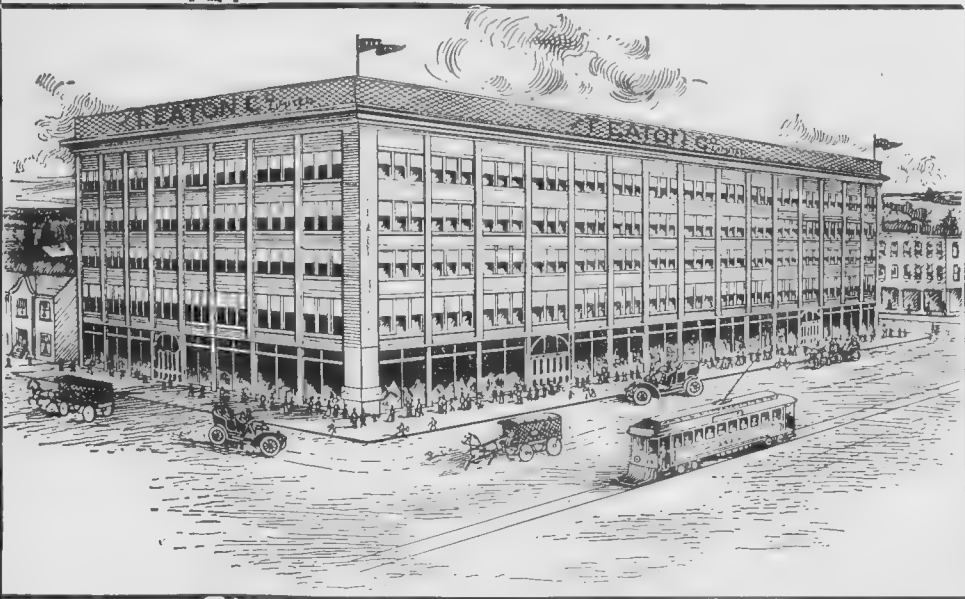
and we sincerely hope that before we are long in Winnipeg the conveniences of our store will be taken full advantage of by the public.

Among these conveniences is a well appointed comfortable lunch room where dainty luncheons and substantial meals are temptingly and promptly served at reasonable prices. The lunch room in connection with the resting room will be found a great comfort for weary shoppers, and also for those who have become wearied of sight-seeing.

We are arranging an attractive programme of special bargains for the Fair. Every article of goods offered will be fresh from the manufacturers, and will demonstrate what may be expected from a company that buys direct from the makers, all for cash, and that is satisfied with narrow margins. The bargains will be announced

from day to day in the Winnipeg daily papers. By watching them you can see many ways of saving money. But even if you do not intend to profit by our special offers, we want you to feel that the conveniences referred to are at your disposal. We want to see you and want you to see us.

Our first Winnipeg catalogue is now being issued. If you have not already received one, drop us a postal card and we will see that you get it. You will find it interesting. It is a summary of fashions, an authority on correct clothing and correct prices. No matter where you live you can enjoy all the advantages of our Winnipeg store by making use of our Mail Order Department, and by using the Catalogue which is yours for the asking absolutely free of charge.



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SATISFIED



THE PHILOSOPHER

HAVE YOU EVER considered the influence for good of a journal like "The Western Home Monthly?" Think of it! It is thoroughly up-to-date, its tone is moral it is satisfying in its literature and in its price. Your children, as they turn its pages, will have their aesthetic taste fed. They will find healthy stories, newsy comment, and their ambition stirred to be what you want them to be. This journal can assist you in bringing up your family; for you may, with confidence, place it in the hands of your youngest child. Another question: Have you ever considered The Western Home Monthly as an advertising medium. It would be to your interest to do so. Look at some of the facts about it. It has 30,000 subscribers. Its constituency is the West. It deals with matters which affect the country west of the great lakes. Many of Canada's leading men express their views through its columns. Think of these few facts when you decide to advertise.

"THE ANCIENTS have stolen our ideas." The old chaps knew nothing of the automobile or the submarine, but they had a pretty good code of civic laws. There were social experts in the palmy days of Greece. The Ward Boss was unknown, and Aldermen did not get rich by the scandalous sale of valuable franchises. AS IT SEEMED TO THUCYDIDES. Thucydides, a Greek and a heathen, lived more than two thousand years ago, nevertheless the following passage from his writing has a lesson for our age and Christian civilization: "We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the state because he takes care of his own household. We regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs not as harmless, but as a useless character. The great impediment to action is not discussion but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. We make friends by conferring, but not by receiving, favors. The love of honor alone is ever young; and not riches as some say, but honor, is the delight of men when they are old and useless."

WHAT IS CHEAP and what is dear? It is difficult to decide. It is a perpetual problem to business men, and he who discovers the answer is not only a happy man, but in all probability will be a wealthy one. The Brandon Sun comments discriminately on an article in the Fort-nightly Review. An article is cheap or dear, not as it is inferior or superior, but as its value is large or small in proportion to its price. A costly article may be cheap and an inferior article may be dear. Understood in this way cheapness is the object sought in all mechanical inventions, all commercial improvements, all fiscal legislation, and all industrial progress. We use a railway because it gives us goods cheaper than by the use of a macadam road. A power loom gives us goods cheaper than a hand loom. A bank clearing house enables us to buy goods cheaper than under the old and wasteful system of adjusting balances. The self-binder gives us grain cheaper than the hand cradle. In legislation we occasionally go against the common and universal tendency of the human race and seek to make things clear. But that is through the influence of theories that are plausibly delusive and lead some nations to seek ultimate cheapness by artificially and unnecessarily increasing prices. Cheapness invariably improves the possibility of giving fair rewards to industry. But as to the actual giving of such rewards, that must depend on the labor market. There is a point above which wages cannot rise, and that is the actual product of the work for which wages are paid. There is also a minimum, which is the maintenance of the worker. Wages now fluctuate between these limits, with a tendency towards the lower. In new countries where natural resources are freely available, the tendency is toward higher limit.

THE QUESTION which agitates the minds of many admirers of the ex-minister is what is to be his future in the political world? Since his resignation rumor has been busy with predictions. When he resigned she averred that he was posing for theatrical effect, and that when the storm passed he would be found in his old place. The storm has spent itself, and Sifton has been superseded. Again he was to succeed Lord Strathcona, but Lord Strathcona still graces the position he has held so long and so well. At present Sifton seems content to be the Lord Roseberry of Canadian politics—critical but non-committal. Aside from partyism, Mr. Sifton is too valuable a man to be allowed to pass into political oblivion. His ability and industry are acknowledged by friend and foe. His record is cleaner than that of most public men; he has convictions and the courage to express them. Added to all this is his vast knowledge of the west and its problems.

THE DIVORCE COURT is an evil, though a necessary one, as society is constituted. Nevertheless, when surrounded by safeguards it can be made to produce a moral sentiment. In the United States it is abused to such an extent that to most people its name is the synonym for immorality. Says the Weekly Sun: "In the United States last year there were forty thousand divorced. Chicago in this, as in other kinds of wickedness, bears the palm. The number of divorces in that city was twenty-three hundred." This is bad, and is an abuse which should be speedily rectified. Canadians figure in divorce suits in the Republic, and so the danger of contagion enhances the necessity of instituting a proper divorce court in this country, with strict laws, such as they have in England." It is an evidence of our weakness and wickedness, that a divorce court is called for. We could wish that all marriages were ideal. However, they are not, and so The Sun asks, Why is Canada left without a divorce court? Why are Canadians driven to the licentious divorce courts of the United States? Simply because the Prime Minister is under the control of Rome."

THE THREATENED fierce fight between Lawson and Collier's has come to a happy termination. Last month we condemned Collier's for what, with many others, we considered to be a glaring inconsistency in its dealings with Lawson. Lawson's reply proves us to be wrong. We are most happy to acknowledge our error. It would be a genuine sorrow to thousands of readers if Collier's weakened the quality of its moral fibre, and descended to cheap tricks in order to increase its sales. It has no need to do so. The proud position it occupies in the realm of journalism it has won by being worthy of it. Its attitude towards the public questions of the day is sane and sound; and as for its editorials, they have set a standard which is at once the despair and admiration of most editors. In justice to Collier's we publish Lawson's reply to its attack upon him: "Have just finished reading your reply, and with this, my rejoinder, I close the incident from my side, too. I am sorry I replied to your attack. Had I been bigger, more to my ideal of a man, I would have passed it by. Had I been manlier, more to my ideal of a fighter, I would have left out my slur as to your motive. I am ashamed I wrote it, and I apologize to you, as I do not, and did not when I wrote it, believe it was your motive. All in all, I have pained myself more than you have pained me. May I, too, offer a toast? 'Here's to you, may you live long and prosper, even though with honest intent you skin and nickle the pelts of all those whose hearts are beyond your reading, and whose motives are beyond the understanding of all but Him who made man so imperfect that he would always have an incentive to keep from rolling off this sunshiny, honey-laden ball.'"

"THINGS are not what they seem." The bone of the bear has never been hitherto regarded as a relic, but a presidential bullet has lifted it out of the common place, and given it a position among treasured and antique curios. The PRESIDENT'S BEARS. taxidermist who accompanied the president's shooting party has been deluged with requests for souvenirs of the famous hunt. Bear bones are supplying the demand.

FROM ALL SIDES we learn that Canada is to have a year of unparalleled prosperity. Prospects are bright in East and West. These same prospects are just as rosy for getting deep into debt. There is a temptation to fling economy to the winds when our financial star is in the ascendant, and with a reckless abandon to spend the money that has not been earned. The optimism of the West lends itself to speculation. We live in hope. But the crop is yet in the ground, not in the barn. Prospecting is a long distance from realizing. The speculative spirit is always dominant in a new country. The wise man curbs and controls it. The brightest prospect is freedom from the shackles of debt and a good bank account. Old accounts should be paid up and few new ones contracted. If there is money over invest, but "pay up" first, last and always.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT does not permit himself to be altogether engrossed with the search for wild animals. He never forgets that there is other game worthy of his august attention. Just now he is seeking new trade relations and has fixed on Canada as a A REPRESENTATIVE land which might AT WASHINGTON? possibly yield large results. He is in favor of a Canadian charge d'affairs at Washington. This is a new departure in our relations with the republic, and the idea is a good one. But so far, as Canada is concerned it must be kept strictly to business lines. A Canadian representative at Washington would facilitate better commercial conditions between the two countries, and the advantage would not be one sided either; both would be materially benefited. The danger in such a step lies in thought that many Americans see in this another move towards annexation. There are few issues in Canada deadlier than annexation.

THERE IS NOT THE SHADOW of a shade of doubt but that food is adulterated. To poison food is to be guilty of committing slow murder. Yet the perpetrators flourish and fatten on their ill-gotten gains, and are as free to come and go as are the birdies. Why are they not lodged securely behind the bars of the provincial or state jail? Because the law allows them to practice their nefarious trade and smiles benignantly at their murderous success. The list of food adulterated includes almost every article of diet. The Farm Students' Review names a few. "Lemon juice, that panacea for many ills, is no longer a pure fruit juice, but a mere solution of tartaric acid, with a little essence of lemon. Tartaric acid is very injurious to health, destroying the lining of the stomach. Molasses is loaded with salicylic acid. Black pepper may contain cocoanut shells, buckwheat, sand and olive stones. "Tomato" catsup is said to be made of pumpkin pulp sometimes; other concerns use starch paste and cover it—dye and preserve it with injurious chemicals. These are a few samples of what is being done to poison most foods; and the article rightly says, "It needs a national law and government inspectors to round up such criminals." It is obviously the duty of the Dominion Government to see that our laws are rigidly enforced in this respect. We have a national law and a government analyst whose duty it is to examine and report on all food products.

THE MANUFACTURER or merchant who is alive to his best interests should reach out now for a share of the business from the West. The business man who will use printers' ink judiciously to bring his goods prominently and convincingly before the attention of the buying public will reap a rich harvest in the no distant future. The thousands of strangers who are now flocking into this country should be educated to buy Canadian goods. Now is the accepted time for the Canadian manufacturer to get busy.

Health and Beauty Talks

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly.

Fat and Flabby.

As I am very stout and flabby for my height, I beg of you to tell me what would be the best exercise for me. As it is impossible for me to go out and walk, and find that hard housework can be of no use, I again beg of you to tell me of something in the line of some exercise that I could do at home.

ONE WHO ANXIOUSLY WAITS.

If hard housework does not tend to reduce your flesh, I fear exercise alone will not help you, and you had better try dieting. I am giving you a few simple rules in regard to this, which may prove beneficial.

DIET TO REDUCE FLESH

Avoid all starchy and sweetened food, all cereals, vegetables containing sugar or starch such as peas, beans, corn, potatoes, etc. Have your bread toasted; sprinkle it with salt instead of butter. Milk, I regret to say, if it be pure and good, is fattening. Skimmed milk may be drunk. Hot water is an excellent substitute for other liquids. Add a little of the juice of lemons or lemons to it, if you choose. Limit your sleeping hours to seven at the outside. No naps.

To Reduce the Hips.

What am I to do to reduce too large or fat hips and abdomen? Am in good health, five feet three and a half inches tall, weigh 168. In the formula given—iodide of potassium, 5 grams; vaseline, 5 grams; tincture of benzoin, 20 drops—how is it to be applied, up and down movement? And how often and how much of it at a time? Also, how often shall I bathe with alcohol? Thanking you in advance, I am,

GRATEFUL.

The pomade referred to is to be rubbed over the fatty parts in an ordinary way, just as you would apply any lotion. The alcohol may be applied several times a day if agreeable. One of the best exercises for reducing the hips and abdomen is that of standing with the feet together and touching the floor with the finger tips, without bending the knees. Another good one is to lie on your back, flat on the floor, with your feet under some heavy article of furniture, bureau, washstand, etc., and raise your body to a sitting position, without allowing the feet to be moved.

Worried by Pimples and Dandruff.

Will you kindly advise me? Am 32 years of age, in average health, but am troubled with pimples breaking out around chin and on forehead, which, when opened, form a scab and heal to make room for more.

Also, my scalp is not as it ought to be. Have had dandruff for years, the scales extending far down my forehead, and even eyebrows. I frequently shampoo my head with egg, which I find is a relief, but no cure, my head being soon covered with dandruff as before.

The first step toward improving your complexion will be to improve your health. Pimples are the outward indication of some inward disturbance, and until this is righted they will continue to appear. The cream for which I am giving you formula is an excellent healing agent, but it will not prevent the reappearance of the pimples unless the original cause is removed. I am also giving you formula for an excellent remedy for dandruff.

FOSSATI CREAM FOR PIMPLES.

Lanolin, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2½ grams; extract of violet, 10 drops.

Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple at night before retiring.

DANDRUFF CURE.

Tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; glycerin, ½ ounce; oil of thyme, ½ dram; rosemary oil, ½ dram.

Mix all together with six ounces of rosewater. Rub the scalp thoroughly with this preparation until no further evidence of dandruff is noticed.

Front Hair Turning Gray.

Will you kindly send me a formula for a harmless hair dye? My front hair is quite white and the back scarcely turned, and about how much does it cost to have the prescription filled? Also, will you please recommend a good complexion soap and a skin cream, one that is the least "hair-raising"; also, a tonic for dry hair? I would like to buy all but the hair dye made up. Could you recommend me to some place?

Mrs. H.

I am giving you formulas for hair stain and tonic, as requested. Proprietary articles are not recommended in these columns, but

there are many good soaps on the market—white Castile is one of the purest. The orange flower cream is one of the best complexion creams I know of.

TO RESTORE THE NATURAL COLOR OF THE HAIR.

(A Physician's Prescription)

Sugar of lead, ½ ounce; lac sulphur, ½ ounce; essence of bergamot, ½ ounce; alcohol, ½ gill; glycerin, 1 ounce; tincture of cantharides, ½ ounce; ammonia, ½ ounce.

Mix all in one pint of soft water. Apply to the roots of the hair, which must be clean.

The dye should never be applied if there is any irritation or abrasion of the scalp.

The best way to use any stain is to apply it to the roots of the hair with a small brush—a toothbrush will answer for the purpose—then spread it evenly downward through the tresses with an ordinary hairbrush.

TONIC FOR DRY HAIR.

Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, ½ dram each.

Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

ORANGE FLOWER CREAM.

White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanolin, 2 ounces; cocoanut oil, 2 ounces; orange flower water, 2 ounces; oil of sweet almonds, 4 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops.

Melt the first five ingredients together. Take off the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and lastly orange flower water.

To Remove Scars.

Please let me have full directions as to use of following, which is for the benefit of scars:

Lanolin, 2 drams; and ointment of biniodide of mercury, 1 dram.

Your immediate attention will be greatly appreciated by A CONSTANT READER.

This lotion is to be rubbed in thoroughly once a day. Very often results can be got more quickly by frequently massaging the scars with a good cream, in addition to using this lotion.

To Decrease the Bust.

Inclosed you will find an envelope, stamped and addressed to myself. You will greatly oblige me if you would send me the name of a sure cure for decreasing the bust, or put me in a way to find the same. Not increase, but decrease.

M.M.B.

Try the pomade for which I am giving you formula, and in addition to this make frequent applications of clear alcohol.

To Reduce the Bust.

Iodide of potassium, 3 grams; vaseline, 50 grams; lanolin, 50 grams, tincture of benzoin, 20 drops.

Make into a pomade and rub all over the fat parts twice a day.

You should abstain from food that is especially fat-forming—cereals, potatoes, corn, peas, beans, etc. You should also avoid sweets of all kinds.

Bagginess Under the Eyes.

For several weeks now I have noticed a baggy appearance under my eyes. I can't describe it in any other way. My general health is good. I have used a skin food and also massage faithfully, but it does not improve any. Do you think a good astringent would help any? Please advise me, and I shall remain ever grateful. I haven't any good recipe for an astringent. Please send me one if you think it will do any good.

Mrs. C. R. C.

Possibly you have not been giving enough massage directly beneath the eyes. I think if you use a good skin food and use the following movements you will soon notice an improvement. Place the finger tips directly beneath the eyes, press gently around the outer corners of the eye. Fifty of these movements should be given each day. If this does not bring the desired improvement, try the astringent lotion for which I am giving you the formula.

Alum, 70 grains; Almond milk (thick), 1½ ounces; rosewater, 6 ounces.

Dissolve the alum in the rosewater, then pour gently into the almond milk, with constant agitation. Apply with a soft linen cloth every night before retiring.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store.

"Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

Cocoanut trees grow in large plantations close to the shore all over the Philippine Islands. Within the last twelve years the trade has increased tremendously. The product is periodically affected by heavy typhoons, but requires only a few years to pick up again.

Courtesy is an all-important asset that is of equal value whether in social or business life.

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¶ We are sole owners and users of the only WIRE LOCK used in the manufacture of Field Erected Wire Fences. ¶ This is a strong feature in our fence that cannot be overlooked, as the lock being made of No. 9 Hard Galvanized Steel Wire, is identically the same material as the rest of the fence, and will consequently last just as long.

¶ It also kinks both the upright and horizontal wires, FORMING A PERFECT LOCK, as shown in the magazine cuts.

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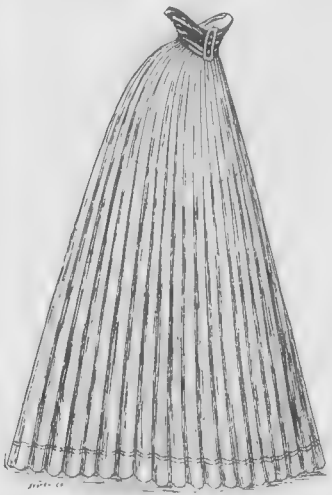
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JUST WRITE giving us an idea of your desires. Wear: pleased to submit samples and suggestions.

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QUALITY

Is the point which should receive careful consideration from a purchaser of Hair Goods, but skilful construction and artistic matching of grade and color are worthy of even greater care—as hair of the highest quality will assume an unsightly appearance if matched and constructed by other than the experienced fingers of the Hair Artist. We wish to impress upon our patrons the completeness of our facilities along both these lines. We import our hair—which is clipped from the heads of the youthful peasantry—direct from France, and the uninterrupted success we have achieved throughout all Western Ontario and Canada substantiates our claim as to workmanship of the highest order.

Our Gents' Wigs and Toupees are exact reproductions of the natural growth, and our Ladies' Hair Creations of all kinds develop the Coiffure where nature has slighted it, without resorting to a suggestion of exaggeration.

Our illustrated catalogue, "The Care of the Hair," will give you all desired information regarding prices, and our system of selling by mail. If you cannot call, let us mail it in plain envelope to your address.

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What to Wear and when to wear it

RIBBONS.

Ribbons have been popular for a number of seasons, but the year 1905 seems to have brought that popularity to a climax. There was never a season when ribbons were so pretty or when they were so profusely used.

Shaded and shot effects have had, and continue to have, a wonderful vogue, and when made in the large fluffy rosettes that are a feature of the season's decorations, look like huge tinted blossoms. The white gowns, both thick and thin, may have ribbon girdles with long streamers either behind or in front. A favorite fad is a girdle pointed back and front, and with long loops and ends of the ribbon set under the point at the back and falling over the skirt. The best width for this purpose is the six inch. The ribbon stock has been largely superseded by the collar of lace and lawn ruffles, but a rosette of ribbon to match the girdle is in order, on the shoulder, at the back of the neck, or indeed almost anywhere about the bodice.

Gowns of white mohair lustre, or any of the delicate neutral tints, can be made to serve varied purposes by merely changing the ribbons. Some of the simple evening gowns that are worn for summer functions have rosettes or butterfly bows on the skirts. This style is especially good for young girls.

In addition to the shaded ribbons, there are all the lovely pastel shades in solid patterns and in taffeta, sheeny, duchess and a dozen different weaves. But all ribbons must be soft and there are few narrow ones worn for decoration, but plenty of narrow ribbon sewed on the ruffles of light gowns.

Pretty ribbons, fresh and well arranged, add greatly to the style of a gown, and many of the ribbons now offered will wash well and almost all of them can be cleaned by a gasoline bath.

WASH RIBBONS.

Many women, of course, know just how to wash ribbons; others again do not. No matter what the color, ribbons should always be washed with pure white soap, and old Castile is the most reliable and the easiest to obtain, as it can be purchased from any druggist.

Shave the soap thin and melt it in boiling water, and make sure that it is all melted. Then pour it into clean, cold soft water and wash your ribbons; the water should never have more than the chill taken off it. Rinse through a clear water and spread smooth on a clean white cloth. Roll up tightly and let them be fully half dry before pressing them with a very moderately warm iron. It is best to press them with a piece of cheesecloth or thin muslin between the ribbon and the iron. Done in this way they will look like new, and the same set may be washed several times. Ribbons are so cheap and so pretty that every woman and every girl should have a good supply of them.

THE GIMP OR GARIBALDI.

The desire to retain the comfort of the shirtwaist or blouse and at the same time give the effect of a complete costume has led to the revival of the "gimp," or the old-time Garibaldi. These are worn with skirts of silk or wool, either kilted, box, or accordeon pleated, and have girdles and shoulder straps or braces to match the skirt. The gimp may be of any desired material in a contrasting color, but just now white leads the van. The decoration of this blouse—for it is really nothing more—may be as elaborate as you please, or it may be perfectly plain, but this style of costume is suitable alike to simple or elaborate functions and is very becoming, particularly to slight figures.

At one of the most fashionable of the June weddings in Winnipeg the sister of the groom wore a skirt of delicate gray crepe de chene, with girdle and braces of the same material. Her guimp was of the finest India mull, with insertion and ruffles of the delicate valenciennes lace. The sleeves, very full at the shoulder, were gathered into bands of insertion at the wrist and had deep frills of the lace falling over the hands. A white picture hat went with this gown, and the costume was one of the prettiest seen at this wedding, where there were over 300 guests, chiefly women.

PLEATED SKIRTS.

A novelty in pleated skirts, and one well adapted to slight figures, has two box pleats in the very front, one on each side over the hip and a triple box pleat in the centre of the back. If it is desired to give the gown an especially tailored effect the pleats should be stitched with heavy silk about a quarter of an inch from the edge and again stitched an eighth of an inch further in, the stitching being carried half way to the knee. With a skirt stitched in this way the shirt waist should have a box pleat in the centre of the back and one on each side of the front and the neck cut out V-shaped to show a smart chemisette of linen lawn in quarter-inch tucks with pearl studs up the centre. Sleeves should be made with a narrow band, over which tucked cuffs of the lawn should be turned and fastened with pearl studs.

ORIENTAL GAUZE.

The season is far enough advanced now to make the prudent girl think of evening gowns for fall wear. If you must have a new gown, either for evening or afternoon, during July, it is well to choose one that can be worn for dances or receptions later on. I do not know of anything better for this purpose than the oriental silk gauzes that are among the newest of the new fabrics and have the triple recommendation of being beautiful, durable and not too costly. They are light in texture and can be had light in colors also, but the best styles come in black grounds with a perfectly bewildering blending of flowers in natural colors. The blending is so perfect that the result is rich without being in the least gaudy. Beyond a little black lace for the waist, a dress of this material would require no decoration other than itself, and one that I saw made up had the waist cut low, puffy sleeves to the elbows, and for afternoon wear a guimp of black Brussels net, the sleeves plain and tight to the wrist, giving the effect of a close-fitting lace cuff. I am not sure that these goods have reached the stores in small towns; I rather think not, but they are in all the large stores in Winnipeg, are a good width, and retail at \$1.00 per yard. By a good width I mean a wide silk width, not double fold. If you wish to get these goods, be sure and ask for "oriental silk gauze."

EYELET EMBROIDERY.

The eyelet or pin-hole embroidery grows in popularity with the passing weeks and will appear, done in silk, on many of the fall gowns. There is a great revival of interest in the making of this embroidery by hand. I think some credit is due the Handicraft Branch of the Women's Art Association for this last move. It is their object to keep alive, as much as possible, interest in handwork of all kinds, and they have striven to make it more fashionable to wear hand-wrought embroidery than machine made. It is interesting work, not too hard on the eyes, and certainly some most exqui-

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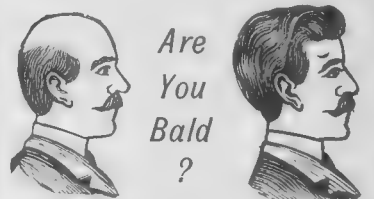


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CANCER!

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Cancer Cure, requests anyone suffering with Cancer to write him. Two days' treatment will cure any Cancer, external or internal. R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Man.

site effects can be got. There was a noticeable amount of this embroidery, both on silk, linen and mull, worn over colors, by the bridesmaids at many of the June weddings. The tendency is to simple designs, and ferns are popular; and the tulip is another favorite.

DRESS GOODS.

I had a chat the other day with the head of the dress goods department of one of the largest departmental stores in Winnipeg, and in the course of our talk I asked what he thought of voiles. He said: "Voiles are good, very good indeed, at the prices at which they can now be purchased, but their reign as first favorites is over for a time at least. The silk warp henrietta cloths will lead the van this fall and next summer. These goods are a great improvement on the old-time henrietta cloth and will drape most beautifully in unlined skirts. There is, however, more of a tendency to line skirts than there has been for some time, and some of the nine, twelve and fifteen gore skirts have interlining and featherbone in bottom.

HOOP SKIRTS.

The possible return of the crinoline to favor is creating a good deal of anxiety. Every sensible woman deprecates the very idea of such a return to the follies of the past. From what I can gather from very extensive reading of fashion notes from both abroad and throughout America, there is little danger of any such style becoming general. Some extremists will no doubt affect the crinoline, and it is claimed there are 1,000 being worn in Chicago at the present time, but I doubt it. One thing is sure, Queen Alexandra has set her face like a flint against the return of the hoop skirt, and this will no doubt settle the question for London and to a great extent for this side of the water also. Since the last reign of the hoop skirt women have gone into business, and nothing could be more out of keeping with business offices, factories and shops than this absurd style of dress.

SLIPPERS.

A charming fashion that appears to have come to stay is that of having the stockings and the bows or rosettes upon the slippers match the gown. To the girl who must be economical this is a boon, as one pair of good black slippers (they must be patent or enamelled kid) will last an entire season, while hose to match all the gowns she is likely to have can be bought in the silk finish for the price of one pair of dress shoes or slippers.

LACE COATS.

For the woman who has an old-time lace shawl among her possessions there is an opportunity to turn it to good account. The lace coat is a fad, certainly, but a very pretty and a very dressy one. These coats may be made either regulation box or by any of the Redingote designs. Personally, I think the box front with half fitted back is the best. They do not require any trimming, and are to be worn over any plain dress, whether white or colored. A garment of this kind is not likely to remain fashionable long enough to warrant any woman in the country going to the expense of getting one. But, as I said, if you have an old lace shawl, either black or white, it is a garment quickly made and will convert a plain silk or mohair shirtwaist suit into a garment sufficiently elaborate for almost any occasion. Black over white is the most popular combination at present.

An esteemed contemporary remarks: The Flemish word for automobile is derived from "snel," rapid; "paarde-loos," horseless; "roondeerspoorweg," without rails; "petroolrijtuig," driven by petroleum. A man who is hit by a "snelpaarde-loos-roondeerspoorweg-petroolrijtuig" is likely to dent the sky.

Three Symbols of Japan.

The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance.

"Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or, in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."—Leslie's Weekly.

Making Pearl Buttons.

To J. F. Boepple, of Muscatine, Ia., belongs the credit of having started one industry in the United States that is the source of income for thousands of persons. In 1890 there was not a single fresh water pearl button made in that country. Now the industry constitutes the second most important branch of button manufacture. When Mr. Boepple, who is a native of Germany, arrived in Muscatine the people were searching for an idea to rid the river front of "niggerhead" shells, which were banked up for miles. Mr. Boepple furnished it.

In the fatherland he had learned the trade of making pearl buttons. Organizing a company, he sent for saws to Germany. These were hollow, cylindrical pieces of steel, two inches wide and with a diameter corresponding to the size of the button. With these mounted on lathe spindles, operated by foot or steam power, Muscatine became the centre of a new industry. In a few years there were more than forty factories in that city making buttons out of the formerly despised mussel shells, and it was not long before the Mississippi river was lined with button factories all the way from Red Wing, Minn., to Louisiana, Mo. In Iowa alone over 500 people are employed in the work, turning out half a million dollars' worth of fresh water pearl buttons every year.

Sometimes it is extremely difficult to clean the inside of flower-glasses and vases. A mixture of rock salt and vinegar will prove successful. Dissolve a tablespoonful of the salt in about a gill of vinegar; pour this into the glasses, shaking them about for a few minutes, and then rinse with clean water.

THE FLAGGING ENERGIES REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression and reviving the flagging energies.

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spells of despondency, from brain wandering, from the dull, stupid feeling; to have confidence, self-esteem and the admiration of men and women! Such is the wish of the broken-down man, and it may be gratified.

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Dr. McLaughlin: Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., May 30, 1905. Dear Sir,—I feel that I ought to apologize for not having let you know how the Belt I got from you did. Well, sir, I must say that the Belt is all right. I have not had a pain in my stomach since using it, and I am glad I got it. I am gaining flesh, and I have advised others to use it. I would not care to be without it myself. It is all O. K. Yours very sincerely, ALEX. COULTER.

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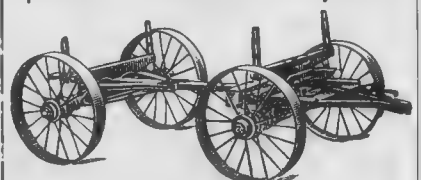
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Little Girls' or Boys' Box-Pleated Frock.

No. 4537.—A becoming frock for little men and women is this box-pleated design, embodying several attractive features. The dress is all in one, having two box-pleats in front and back, and the front closing in duchess style. A new idea is introduced in the model, which gives extra flare to the skirt just where it is most needed. This is accomplished by small box-pleats, one in the front and one in the back which just meet under the arm and extend only to the waist.



The body at the waist line is slit, and these box-pleats are sown in a narrow seam, then the front and back is joined in the usual manner. A pretty idea is to allow the belt to slip under the pleats. White turn-down collar and fancy shaped cuffs in white lends effective contrast to a figured or striped blouse. The front may be closed invisibly or by little buttons, as is shown in the illustration. Galatee, holland, madras, percale, serge or corduroy are materials that will develop satisfactorily to the mode.

Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

Girl's Costume.



Nos. 4452-4453.—A girlish costume, carrying out the season's fancy for tucks, is here shown, in brown voile. The waist and skirt are further ornamented by pointed yokes, the use of which is optional.

The waist has four backward-turning tucks in front, thus forming a panel in the centre front, which could be decorated in various ways, if one does not use the yoke. The closing is in the back, and the pattern provides for a lining. The sleeve carries out the idea of the pointed yokes, by having a pointed sleeve-cap, to which is attached a tucked lower sleeve.

The skirt is in tucked gored style. The seven tucks on each side form a narrow front gore, which is very becoming, with or without the yoke. The model is one that is capable of several variations and is suitable for a pretty house dress, or the skirt could be made of heavy material for street wear with coats or jackets. As shown here, it is developed in brown voile, with yoke of all-over cream lace and trimmings of fancy brown silk braid. The model is a good one for the young lady's school frock, in serge or mohair.

Sizes for waist, 4452: 12, 14 and 16 years.

Sizes for skirt, 4453: 12, 14 and 16 years.



Misses' Dressing Sack.

No. 4483.—This is the day of the dressing sack—Japanese, flowing, tight-fitting, long or short styles, but dressing sacks just the same. Everyone has her own particular style, and for those who like the fitted ones best we offer the design illustrated. The back is adjusted by slight gathers at the waist line and an under-arm gore. The loose fronts may be belted down if preferred. A pretty collar gives finish to the waist and may be made of contrasting or same material



as the waist. Feather-stitching and lace may further embellish the sack if additional trimming is desired.

French flannel, fleece-backed cottons and challies are suitable woolen materials, while any of the cotton weaves in floral or bold designs are pretty.

Material required for medium size, three yards, 36 inches wide.

Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years.



Misses' Corset Cover.

No. 4495.—A practical little pattern that has been designed especially for misses is shown here. It has plenty of fulness in the front at bust and waist

line to give a nice full figure. There is only the one seam, hence the garment is easily made. The fulness at the waist in front and back is held in place by an underfacing, and the corset cover comes well down over the hips. The trimming is only a matter of taste



as the neck and arm edges may be simply finished by beading, or elaborately trimmed with ruffles of lace and insertion. Any material suitable for under-muslins may be used for the mode.

Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years.



Work and Play.

It is much more important that a man take pleasure in his vocation than in his vacation, because he spends more of his life at it.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that unless a man enjoys his daily work he will not enjoy his vacation, however much he may expect to, for he has not the capacity for the enjoyment of the realities of the present. He deals only in futures.

The only happy man is he who feels that he is accomplishing something, does something worth while; who feels himself an indispensable cog wheel in the great machine of the universe; who believes that nobody can quite take his place when he goes on a vacation.

Without this faith in himself and the importance of his work a man is lost. No pay, however large, no prospective vacation, however enticing, can compensate the man who does not feel delight in the job he has completed because he realizes that he is of use in the world, that he is enlisted in the social service.—The Independent.



How to Cook a Prairie Dinner.

Suppose you start on a trip across the mountains. You have plenty of "grub," but you accidentally left your cooking utensils behind. Not a dutch oven, not a frypan, not a tin plate, not even a tomato can. Do you suppose for a moment I would sit down on that sack of flour and starve? Not quite.

Build a big fire, and when it gets low shove a lot of good old spuds under the coals. If you have fresh meat the way is clear for broiling. If not, slice your bacon, impale it on a stout stick, and when your spuds are done break them open and allow the good old bacon grease to drop on them as it boils on the end of that stick. You want coffee. Rip the jacket off that canteen, bring the water to a boil, funnel your coffee in, and you have coffee. But how about the bread? No pan to mix the dough in, no article in which to bake the bread. You don't like ash-cakes? All right. Just mix your baking powder carefully in the top of the sack; form the flour into a funnel shape; pour in very little water at a time; don't be afraid of getting your fingers balled up; mix that dough right there, and when it is the desired consistency roll it out like a snake. Cut a cane from any old thing, wrap this snake-shaped piece of dough around it in a long coil, turn it before the fire until it is good and brown and you will have finer bread than grandma ever made.



Mountain of Alum.

A mountain of alum near the village of Lion Chek, in China, is described as not less than ten miles in circumference at the base and 2,000 feet high. Large blocks of the stone are quarried, and are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats of boiling water, from which the alum crystallizes.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

A Sketch of the History of Music

By W. E. Martin, Mus. Bac.

Singing seems to have played a very important part in the worship of the early Christians, and as early as the 4th century we find singing schools established at Rome and Poitiers. At this time we find what were termed the "authentic modes" first used. These were similar to scales, in that they consisted of eight notes in alphabetical order, but unlike our scales their degrees were various.

The "authentic modes" were four in number and were also called "tones," the "first tone" (or Dorian mode) consisting of D E F G A B C, played on the white keys of the piano or so-called "natural." The "second tone" (or Phrygian mode) ran thus: E F G A B C D E, all "natural." The "third tone" was F G A B C D E F. The "fourth tone" was G A B C D E F G. (The letters placed together, here used, mark the half steps or semitones in the scales).

The 1st and 2nd tones have the first four (or lower tetrachord) and the 2nd four degrees relatively similar in structure. The 3rd and 4th tones do not have this similarity in tetrachords, and the effort to remedy this gave us our present scales of F and G respectively by using the B flat in the third tone and the F sharp in the 4th, thus: F G A B C D E F, and G A B C D E sharp G.

Pope Gregory added four more modes to the four "authentic." These were called "Plagal modes," and were formed by starting on the 5th degree of each of the "authentic" modes and building up eight degrees, so. For example, take the First Authentic Mode, or Dorian Mode, D E F G A B C D, and its corresponding "Plagal" was A B C D E F G A, which is our present minor mode, natural. The others were similarly formed. These eight modes were used in these forms up to about the seventeenth century, when our modern tonality began gradually to assert itself. Please, remember then, reader, that all music referred to up to the end of the sixteenth century and much good music up to the middle of the eighteenth century, was written in these strange sounding scales or modes, the only relic of which we still retain in our terms the major and minor modes.

The first method of writing this music was by placing marks over the words to be sung, showing very indefinitely the changes in pitch. There was no attempt at showing the time of the music. Tempo was a more modern invention or discovery. It is altogether probable that this system of writing was intended merely as an assistance to the memory, since no one could learn the exact pitch from these marks (called neumes) as they were first used. Later these neumes were made to convey a more definite idea of pitch by having colored lines drawn, and the neumes were written above and below these lines, thus beginning the idea of our staff. First one line was used, then two were introduced, later three and four lines, and finally, about the 10th century, one monk (Hucbald) introduced a many-lined staff whereon he could write the four parts in the "organum" style of harmonization.

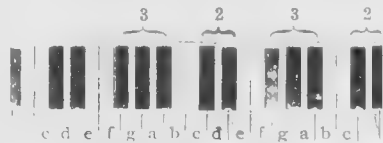
Thus was introduced our present "great staff."

One strange feature of the early staff-men, however, was that some used only the spaces and others only the lines. No one seemed to think of using both lines and spaces for the neumes until Guido of Arezzo appeared about 1022 or 1023 A.D.

(To be continued).

Practical Suggestions for Music Lovers.

The ear is the basis of all musical enjoyment. Without an ear, one cannot learn to enjoy music. It may seem unnecessary to make such a statement, but there are plenty of people who "have ears and hear not," so far as music is concerned. Hence, to train the ear is the first step towards capacity for the enjoyment of music. As an initial step, go to a piano (or cabinet organ) and notice the keyboard. You find the keys white and black, as here:—



The white keys are called "naturals," the black keys are used as sharps and flats for the naturals.

Notice that C natural is first at the left hand side of the group of two black keys, and F beside the group of three blacks. On the right hand side of these groups we find E and B, respectively, and the white keys run in alphabetical order as far as the first seven letters go. Now "middle C" is the C nearest the middle of the keyboard (a little to the left hand side). It is called "middle C" for a different reason, however. Play this tone and listen to it. Then sing it softly and listen to see if your tone blends smoothly with that of the piano. If so, you likely have the same tone. Just here, if possible, get some musical person to assist you to get started right, as I have seen students take G above C and think they were quite correct, or take the octave C above and not know the difference. When you can strike C with certainty, try the octave C above, and alternately take these two until quite sure of them. Then take G between the two, then E, and then practice these four tones until you can sing them in any order, passing freely from any one to any other of them. Now take G again, and then D above the higher C; then take B between these two and compare G B D with C E G. Now practice G B D as before with C E G until quite certain of them. Now take F and then upper C; then take A between them. Now compare F A C with C E G and G B D. These are each termed triads and when these are thoroughly learned as triads sing the entire scale alphabetically, C D E F G A B C up, and down C B A G F E D C and familiarize yourself with them so. Now take all the triads of the scale, C E G, D F A, E G B, F A C, G B D, A C E, and B D F and practice these as before until you can sing all the tones of the eight in the scale in any order. Now you are ready to listen and use your ear to some purpose.

(To be continued).

Wife—Do you love me as much as ever?
Husband—I reckon so. Wife—Will I always be the dearest thing in the world to you?
Husband—I am sure you will, unless the landlord raises the rent.

"Just before I went away," said the returned traveller, "your Uncle Richley was taken seriously ill. I hope it turned out all right."

"Oh, yes, of course," replied the nephew. "Didn't you notice what a swell black suit this is?"

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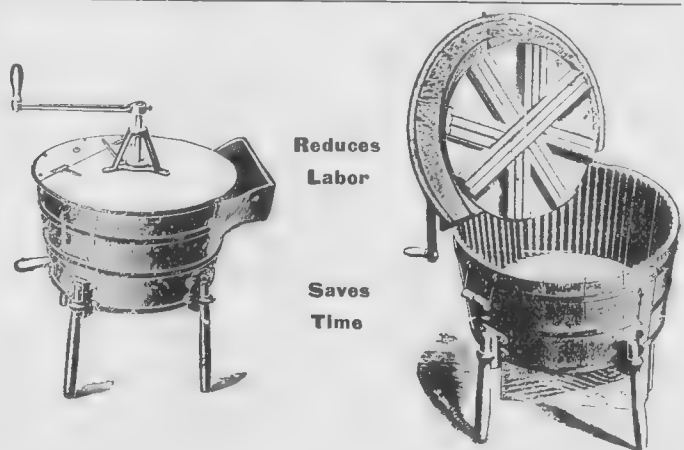
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.

Motto for the month.

Just be glad
For we know not every morrow
Can be sad;
So forgetting all the sorrow we have had
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.
James Whitcombe Riley.

Several women have been kind enough to write the department and make little suggestions, for which I am very grateful, and I hope that others will follow the example from time to time.

One suggestion made, was that I try to give ideas as to forms of entertainment suitable in country homes or for raising money for church or benevolent objects. This I shall endeavor to do. Another suggestion was, that I give household recipes. This last is easy to comply with and had not occurred to me, simply because I thought in the "quiet hour" the average woman would be glad to forget there was cooking to do.

I hope all women readers will like the motto for the month; it is a great favorite of mine, and some day perhaps I will give the whole poem. In this glorious weather, and with the promise of an abundant harvest, it seems easy to be glad. But to the housewife on the farm, where help is so hard to get, the promise of an abundant harvest is not an unmixed joy, for the men who reap the harvest must be fed and the dishes must be washed, the bread baked, and the never-ending duties stretch between Monday morning and Saturday night and cannot always be banished even from the Sunday. But if we are looking for things to be glad about, I think we will find them, and oh, how much lighter goes the task when the heart is glad! Never was anything truer than:

"A merry heart goes all the day,
But a sad heart tires a mile away."

I have been reading a good deal of fiction lately for the purpose of writing reviews and have been rather struck with some of the books, though the present is not a day of great novels. The historical novel holds the lead at present and some of the more recent ones deserve at least passing mention. "For the White Christ" is a story of the time of Charlemagne, and is delightfully told. Roland and Oliver are the principal characters with Queen Hildegard, the little princess and the wicked bower maiden as seconds. The book deals much with the exploits of the Vikings and seems to come with special appropriateness just now when the fight is once more on between Swede and Norwegian. But what I really set out to say is, that a heavy dose of modern fiction has sent me back with renewed interest to the re-reading of Charles Dickens, and for a month I have been dipping into Barnaby Rudge. The world over, Dickens societies and Dickens Fellowships have been commemorating the 35th anniversary of the death of England's best loved novelist, and the last number of "Dickensian," the new publication issued by the Dickens Fellowship, gives some very interesting facts as to the extent to which Dickens is read. A number of plebiscites have been taken both in Great Britain and the United States as to the ten most popular novels, and in every case one of Charles Dickens' headed the list, and in the majority of instances it was David Copperfield. This little magazine, which is only \$1.00 a year, keeps lovers of Dickens in touch with the constantly growing Dickens literature, and it is surprising even to the most ardent admirers of Dickens to find the ever-increasing demand for books about his works, selections from the works themselves, set of the novels in special binding, and the like.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

It would perhaps interest some of the readers of this page to know that the first Canadian branch of the Dickens fellowship was started in Winnipeg last winter and has had a most successful season. Mr. Stapleton (care of the C. N. R. offices) is the secretary and could give particulars of how to start these branch clubs. In any point in town or country where there are even half a dozen admirers of the great author—and it is difficult to imagine any point in the English-speaking world where there are not that many—would find this club for the study of Dickens a most delightful way of filling in winter evenings. The very informality of its organization makes it adaptable to all places and conditions, and the monthly receipt of the magazine, "Dickensian," would be an added bond. It is perhaps early to talk of employment for winter evenings, but half of our summer is gone, and these matters take time to talk up and get in train.

We had a horse show in Winnipeg in June, as all the world knows by this time, and it was a success when all things are taken into consideration. It proved beyond doubt that we have splendid horses in the West and that people will gladly go to see them when they have the opportunity. The weather was unfavorable, but there is good reason for believing that another year will see a building capable of containing the horse show, so that the weather can be defied.

The horse show and the very small number of women riders has again drawn my attention to what I mentioned before, and that is, the few women in this country of horses, who ride. There is no finer exercise in the world than horseback riding, particularly when women have the good sense to ride cross saddle. It is not costly, on a farm, for the girls to rear a colt and train it for riding. They will spend many happy hours grooming and looking after it, in addition to the joyous ones spent upon its back in the clear air. While they are doing this they are providing a valuable asset, for an educated horse, as the dealers call him, commands double the price of the uneducated. The horse that has been taught not to shy at traction engines, locomotives or cyclone threshers, will very speedily accommodate itself to the sights and sounds of the city.

TRAINING HORSES.

This matter of training horses is a very important one, especially now when the West is looking to the business of breeding horses for British army remounts. The men who have visited Canada in the matter have laid especial stress on the fact that horses for this purpose must be hand-broke. They must never have been thrown. One man who has been a warm advocate of the Western Canadian horse for the army remount, told me last winter that in purchasing such horses he would personally favor those broken by women, as in nearly every case they were more tractable and less likely to bolt at sudden noises to which they were not accustomed.

This suggested to me a method whereby girls on farms and ranches, where horses are bred, might find a delightful and at the same time highly profitable form of exercise. There is

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nothing more teachable than a young colt—nothing more delightfully frolicsome. Best of all, the training of the colts and the riding of the horses would bring the women of the family more frequently into the fresh air.

As I write, I am reminded of a certain black colt, Dexter, whose acquaintance I made one summer holiday. Dexter, like many two-legged babies, had an extremely sweet tooth and was always willing to imperil life or limb for sugar. He had foolishly been admitted to the house yard and allowed to come to the kitchen door for sugar, which was always brought from a pantry that opened opposite the kitchen door. The gate of the house yard was secured with a wooden pin attached to a string, and the children had thought it great fun to teach Dexter to pull this pin out with his teeth and let himself in. One very hot August afternoon we had all retired for a brief siesta, when there arose the most awful clatter in the kitchen—it seemed as if the house was coming about our ears. Down stairs we all tumbled, in very striking negligence, to find master Dexter in the kitchen with his head in the pantry looking for the sugar. This was an awkward predicament, but worse was to come. In turning him round to lead him out, his fore feet trod on a portion of the floor that had a cellar beneath. The hollow sound frightened him, and there he stood with his forefeet shot out in front, and absolutely refused to budge. Eventually, with much coaxing, and many suspicious side glances, he was backed out, and for many a day he could not be induced, even by the sight of sugar in your open hand, to adventure himself inside the home yard.

The opening of this immense departmental store has created the idea that there will be employment for a large number of young women from outside the city itself. It is rumored that the company have already had 2,000 applications from outside points. It is very possible that they may have had considerably over 1,000. I do not know the number they intend to employ or the wages they intend to pay, but I do know very well the conditions of obtaining board and lodging in Winnipeg at the present time, and I would like to utter a word of warning to the girls coming into the city. The Young Women's Christian Association and similar organizations that make a business of looking after the interests of young women, strangers in the city, are finding it increasingly difficult with each passing week to find decent lodging and board for women. People who let lodgings almost invariably prefer men. The reason of this preference I am not going to discuss, but the fact remains. In the Willard boarding home, opened by the W.C.T.U. on Balmoral Street, Winnipeg, there are four girls in many of the rooms. Each has a bed to herself, but the cubic air space is far too small for that number of occupants. I am not criticising the home; the women in charge have done their best to make it sanitary, but the pressure on their accommodation is so great, and the cost of running the home so heavy that they cannot well do otherwise. For a fourth of a room and her board a girl pays \$4 per week. And where there are only two in a room the rate is correspondingly higher. I know of a number of cases where the girls are only earning \$20 per month and are paying \$16 for board and lodging; this leaves them with but \$4 for their washing, clothing and all the incidental expenses that crop up in a city like Winnipeg. No girl can live decently in Winnipeg, paying her board, for less than \$30 per month, and she will find it mighty hard scraping to get along on that. I am speaking from actual personal knowledge, having earned my living in Winnipeg for 22 years.

In that time I have seen many a girl go down to destruction simply because she was poorly housed, poorly fed, fell sick and in a moment of weak-

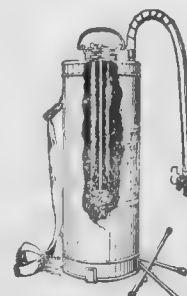
ness allowed some man to help her. I can hear dear girls all over the country exclaim: "I would never do that!" Let me say in reply that it is always easier to be virtuous when you are not tempted to be otherwise. There is one prayer that should be often on the lip of every girl going out from home to seek her living in the world, and that is: "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil." I hold no brief for the girls that go astray; no fallen woman was ever wholly blameless, but far too often her first wrong step was in leaving a safe country home, where, had she been willing to do the work that lay at her hand she could have earned her living respectably, and in going to a city where her ability would command only low wages with their corresponding miseries. Having been for many years closely in touch with the self-supporting girls of the West, I have the highest possible admiration for their pluck and their high standard of morality; but I would have every girl in the country, who wants to come to the city, sit down in her own home and count the cost. If you decide to come to the city—as many of you will—and if you have no personal friends, then before coming write the secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, Rialto Block, Winnipeg, or the Matron of the Willard Home, Balmoral Street, and have them advise you where you can get board and rooms. These two places know what are safe and respectable boarding houses, outside of their own homes, and what are not, and let any and every girl be wary of any place that offers her cheap board. There may be nothing more than the ignorance of what it costs to keep house in Winnipeg behind it, but the chances are strongly in favor of there being something much worse.

THINGS GOOD TO EAT.

Salad.—A recipe for a hot weather salad comes down to me from some remote grandmother. Cut crisp lettuce, and young and tender green onions very fine and pour over them a dressing of a tablespoonful of finely chopped spare mint; one-half a teaspoon each of salt, red pepper, and mustard; a heaping tablespoon of brown sugar (or two tablespoons of maple molasses or honey), a cup of vinegar and half a cup of either sour or sweet cream, if you have it, though the salad is very good without. The mint gives the salad a peculiarly piquant flavor that is most acceptable in hot weather.

Nut Sandwiches.—If you have never made peanut sandwiches, do not let another month go by without trying them. They are specially good for July because they are as nourishing as meat, more easy to digest, and want no cooking. Shell and skin the nuts and put them through your meat grinder (one pound of nuts will make a great number of sandwiches). Season the ground nut with salt and red pepper, moisten with milk or cream and spread thin between slices of thin bread and butter, either white or brown. A mixture of peanuts, walnuts and salt almonds also makes a good sandwich, but I think the peanuts will prove the most popular, and they are cheaper and easier to shell. These sandwiches go excellently well with the salad aforesaid.

Joe—"I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?" Jess—"You must see mamma first." Joe—"I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same."



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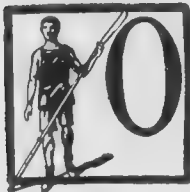
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ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

The measure of comfort to be enjoyed in the home is generally the result of careful attention to the smaller details. The main idea of any building can be imagined by any layman, but the carrying out should be left entirely to the specialist, whose aim is

in tone, and upstairs all woodwork to be painted white, with a quiet wall paper without pattern, and tinting the ceiling. The dimensions are given on the plans. There is no basement, and the house is set on flat stones. 2 in. x 4 in. studs are used throughout, 6 x 8



to incorporate all the minor problems into the general scheme without detracting from the finished appearance.

sills, 2 in. x 10 in. joist, 2 in. x 4 in. rafters, B. C. shingles and all stock frames.

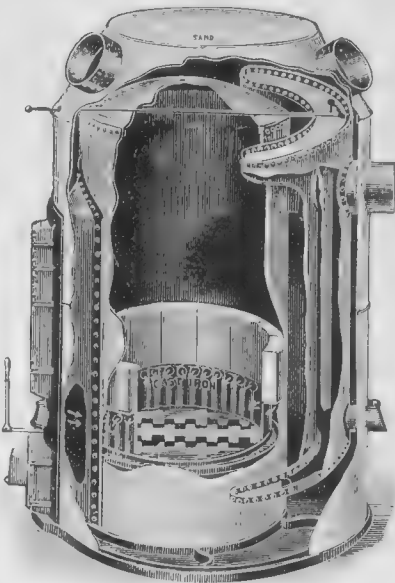


This cottage is inexpensive, yet has an air of repose and hospitality that is very alluring. The fireplace is a massive brick one, and with a cheerful fire will prove irresistibly attractive. Around it will gather the memories of many happy evenings, when the winter sun is low and all outside drear and frost-bound. It appeals equally to the bachelor and the man of family. The bachelor gathers his books around him, and the father his children, and then when the day's work is over, surrounded by those they love, revel in its comfortable glow. The kitchen is compact and convenient, the cupboards well arranged. Entrance to the front is over the stair landing. The stairs are simple, having square balusters and newel running from the treads to the ceiling. The dining-room should be either wainscotted or burlaped. A very nice wainscoting is made of 3/4 in. by 3 in. cedar, with rounded edges, the cap about 4 ft. 6 in. from the floor and made into a plate rail. The bedrooms are under the roof, and the ceiling runs from 8 ft. 10 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. at the sides. All the finish would be in cedar, excepting the floors and stairs, which should be fir. Trim to be as plain as possible. There are some exceedingly good stock trims, and some very bad ones. The simplest are the best and least expensive. The coloring down stairs to be kept low

Ancient Trees.

These yews are old, very old; some of them were stalwart trees even before Caesar landed on these shores," says Thos. C. Ireland, of England. "There is one now standing in the church yard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which Decondole, nearly a century ago, proved to the satisfaction of botanists to be over twenty-five centuries old, and another at Hedsor, in Bucias, which is 3,240 years old. How Decondole arrived at an apparently correct estimate of the enormous age of these living trees is a simple thing, and the principle is doubtless well known to-day to all. The yew, like most other trees, adds one line, about the tenth of an inch, to its circumference each year. He proved this after an investigation extending over several years, and we know now, 100 years later, that his deductions were correct. The old yew at Hedsor has a trunk 27 feet in diameter, proving its great age, and it is in a flourishing, healthy condition now, like its brother at Fortingal. "Their years are few, though, compared with those of some other trees. In one chapter of his writings Humboldt refers to a gigantic boabab tree in Central Africa as the oldest organic monument in the world. This tree has a trunk 29 feet in diameter, and Adanson, by a series of careful measurements, demonstrated conclusively that it had lived not less than 5,150 years. "Still it is not the oldest organic monument in the world, as Humboldt declared, for now Mexican scientists have proved that a huge cypress tree, standing in Chepultepec, with a trunk 118 feet in circumference, is older than it—older, too, by more than a thousand years—for it has been shown, as conclusively as these things can be shown, that its age is about 6,200 years. To become impressed with wonder over this, one has only to dwell on that duration for a little while in thought."

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J. Y. GRIFFIN.

Winnipeg, March 4th, 1905
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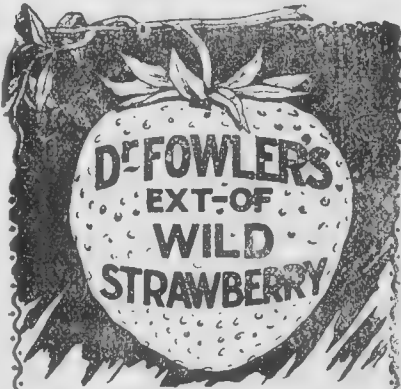
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The Use of the Newspaper.

Is the influence of the daily newspaper waning? It would seem so from the opinions expressed at the recent dinner of the United States publishers. One of the prominent speakers was Dr. Lyman Abbott. He declared that the influence of the daily paper was as much over-estimated as the influence of the magazine was under-estimated. The Wall Street Journal agreed with Dr. Abbott, and in very strong terms averred that a primary indication of the development of journalism was that the influence of the general daily newspaper was declining, coupling this fact with the immense increase in the influence of the monthly magazine. The causes are briefly enumerated. It is not because the newspaper is casually read and thrown aside, while the magazine is pored over very thoughtfully. On the other hand, it is claimed that many of the newspapers of the day have no character, or at least do not express anything that would indicate convictions, and further, if they have any, nobody believes it.

Expediency is what they are said to use as a ruling power. They are said to be catering to popular cravings or working for interests or cliques, visible or occult, and not those of the people. Magazines contain the views of real thinkers, and are generally read by real thinkers. Their words are weighty and carry far. Our contemporary believes that if the general newspapers would recover their lost influence they must revive the policy of editorial plain speaking, and make themselves again the agents of truth instead of the mere "court circulars" of financial interests.—Printer and Publisher.

Sayings of Dean Swift.

The worthy Dean had been found fault with by some of the office-bearers of his church, for preaching too long sermons, but he got even with them on the occasion of his having to preach a charity sermon the following Sunday, when he announced as his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"; and all the sermon they got was, "If you are satisfied with the security, down with your dust."

Dean Swift, on another occasion, while visiting for some time at a farm place, the worthy preacher had become somewhat nauseated in stomach and vexed in soul by the appearance of rabbits, dished up in some form or other, at every meal, thus expressed his wish for a change of menu whilst saying grace:—

Rabbits young; rabbits old;
Rabbits hot; rabbits cold;
Rabbits tender; rabbits tough;
The Lord be praised, we've all had enough.

Art in the Drug Stores.

Some attention is being attracted lately to a series of etchings in the leading drug stores. Close examination shows that they were issued by the Abbey Effervescent Salt Company. These etchings are little gems in nature studies and are practical demonstrations of art in advertising. They are by two famous American artists, Randall and King, and are quite worthy of a place in one's library or den. The Abbey Salt Company are to be commended for sending out advertisements so artistic. They are far above the usual store hanger and merit a prominent place in every first class pharmacy.

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FLY PADS**
KILL THEM ALL

ENTHUSIASM NEEDED.

A Commercial Traveller found a Customer whose Realization exceeded his Expectation.

Any competent salesman, whether of soap or diamonds, must be an enthusiast to succeed. He must know every point of the article he has for sale, and he must be personally convinced that it is positively the best of its kind on the market. A piano salesman who can explain the excellencies of his instrument and then after making the sale, be informed by his customer that the piano is even better than he said, is in a very fortunate position and will find great interest and satisfaction in his work. Some time ago a representative of the firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, sold to Mr. J. W. Hollister, of Penetanguishene, Ont., a fine Gourlay piano. This letter from that gentleman will be read with interest: "The Gourlay piano I recently purchased from you arrived in good tune and I must say we are delighted with it. We expected a great deal from what your traveller had told us about the Gourlay, but it is even more than we expected. We have had a number of musicians to see it and they all agree that it is the finest toned piano in this town. I shall certainly recommend a Gourlay piano to anyone requiring a thoroughly high class instrument."

—○○○—

A New Stove.

A new type of stove, the object of which is the abolition of smoke, no matter what fuel is employed, has been demonstrated in London. The invention comprises a screen of tubular fire bricks, made of special material built up in the furnace in such a position that all the products of the fire pass through the screen. The latter quickly becomes incandescent, and flashes the gases as they pass through, thus preventing the formation of carbon. By the aid of this device, coal of the worst description can be burnt in the ordinary boiler with practically no smoke, and with a considerable saving in cost. For the purposes of demonstration, cheap damp coal dust was burned. The only result was a light gray cloud at the top of the chimney stack, which cleared away in a few seconds.

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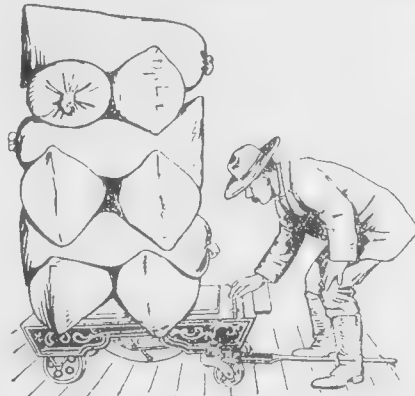
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Know the weight of what you buy or sell



Wagon Scale, 4 wheels, 2000 lbs. capacity.

Every farmer should own a **SCALE** that will insure protection against loss when selling or imposition when buying his many farm products or supplies.

Constant watchfulness for little business "leaks" is necessary for farming success.

Large losses must be stopped first, but it doesn't take long for a few trifling leaks, here and there, to become large losses too, in the aggregate.

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Let us see what it means to you if you get cheated even so little as the lowest estimate, 5 per cent. If your total grain sales were \$1000.00 yearly, 5 per cent. short weight would mean a loss of \$50.00; on \$400.00 worth of poultry the loss would be \$20.00; on \$200.00 worth of butter it would be \$10.00; on \$1000.00 worth of other miscellaneous farm produce, sold by weight, \$50.00. This would mean a total loss of \$130.00 from petty shortages in weight on a moderate sized farm. Imagine what it would figure at 8 per cent.

What can be saved in one year would pay for a Chatham Scale several times over. Can you afford to be without one when you can buy a

Chatham Farm Scale

On Two Years' Time, No Cash to Pay until Nov., 1905

A scale is as necessary on a farm as in a store. There is not a day in the year that a farmer doesn't lose **some** money if he doesn't own one. After the first year a Chatham Farm Scale becomes a **money maker** as well as a money saver, for, having paid for itself in one year, and still making money by saving it, that money goes into the bank and draws interest.

Don't be without a good farm scale, and, while you're about it, get the **best**—the Chatham.

This Scale is made in two styles—two-wheel **Truck Scale** and four-wheel **Wagon Scale**. Both are fully set up, ready for use, when shipped. They are mechanically perfect, all pivots and bearings

being protected from damp and dirt, and the parts interchangeable—and easily replaced. It is the simplest and handiest scale made. Drop a lever and it becomes a strong truck; raise the lever and you have an accurately adjusted, perfectly constructed farm scale.

When the lever is dropped, no weight or wear comes upon the knife edges of the scale. No other farm scale has this feature, by virtue of which our scale averages to wear years before the pivots get dull.

Every Chatham Farm Scale is carefully tested by the Government Inspector of Weights and Measures, and carries his certificate of accuracy.

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MANSON CAMPBELL

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHIEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Stewed Steak, with Onions.

Procure some round steak, cut it into suitable pieces, fry a nice brown on both sides, then place it into a saucepan, cover with either beef stock or water, season with salt and pepper, let it simmer till the steaks are tender, flavor with a few bay-leaves, cloves, parsley and thyme tied up in a piece of cheesecloth. Procure some small, even sized onions, put them with the steaks and when well cooked remove the onions and keep them warm. Then if steaks are cooked tender place into another saucepan a little roux and then pour onto it the gravy, stir up and let it boil for a few minutes well, skimming it all the time. Then put your steaks on a serving platter, pour over your sauce and garnish with your whole boiled onions. You can use, if you wish, a water and flour thickening.

A roux is made of 8 ozs. of flour and 8 ozs. of soft butter; stir it over the range for a few minutes and you have a white roux, let it become brown and you have a brown roux, which is used for all brown sauce thickenings, also for the above dish; you must let your roux cool off a little before adding your liquid.

I shall endeavor in the next issue to give some clear and thick soups, both economical and inexpensive. Any recipes will be furnished by writing to the editor of paper.

Apple and Walnut Salad.

Procure some lettuce leaves, break them up, place on the bottom of your salad bowl, then slice over it some nice tart apples (previously cored and peeled), then put some meat of English walnuts into boiling water for a few minutes, then take them out and rub off all the dark skin, then mix them with your apples; sprinkle over a few drops of lemon juice and a pinch of salt, cover with mayonnaise dressing.

Apple and Celery Salad.

Same as above, only leaving out the walnuts and using shredded celery; serve mayonnaise or French dressing with it.

Apple Salad.

Chop fine one good, sweet red pepper, removing the core and seeds. Break up some lettuce in a salad bowl and slice over it some nice tart apples previously cored and peeled, sprinkle amongst them the red pepper, dress with five parts of oil to two parts of lemon juice, season with salt, mix up well, then pour over the salad.



Lettuce salads are garnished with quartered or chopped eggs, and served with mayonnaise cream or French dressing.

Lettuce and tomato salad.
Lettuce and spring onion.

Cream Dressing.

Two cups of vinegar, three-quarters lb. of butter, one and a half dessert spoons of mustard, one-half teaspoon of red pepper, 18 yolks of eggs, one and a quarter quarts of whipping cream. Boil the butter, vinegar and seasonings together, pour it onto the beaten yolks of eggs, place on the range and stir till it thickens like butter; then take from the range, let it cool off, then whip your cream and add it to your dressing.

Hollandaise Sauce.

Reduce one cup of white wine vinegar with 10 crushed peppercorns and one or two bayleaves; when nearly dry take and put onto it about one pint of Bechamel sauce, let it come to a boil, beat in five yolks of eggs (previously beaten), stir over a hot range till it thickens, then remove from the range and work in by degrees six or eight ounces of soft butter, then strain off, season with salt and pepper and a few drops of lemon juice.

Bechamel Sauce.

One pint of milk, one blade of mace, one sliced onion; bring it to a boil, then pour it onto 12 ounces of butter and four ounces of flour (which has been previously worked together over a hot range for a few minutes to attain a nice white color; this is called a roux), then let your sauce come to a boil, season with pepper and salt; then strain off and use as directed.

Mayonnaise Dressing, No. 1.

To make two pints.

Take five yolks of eggs, place them into a deep bowl, add a little mustard, cayenne and a pinch of salt, work up well, moisten with a little drop of vinegar, then work in by degrees your olive oil or Wesson's cooking oil, which is much cheaper, and when thickened up pour on a little vinegar and a few drops of lemon juice, work vigorously and continue alternately with oil, vinegar and lemon juice till you have attained your required quantity. This sauce should be stiff, and should be kept cold.

Mayonnaise Dressing, No. 2.

Take five yolks of eggs, beat well, then add by degrees your oil, when it will become like butter; add some salt, then some oil, beating up all the time; then add a little mustard and cayenne; then work in by degrees alternately oil, vinegar and lemon juice till thick enough to spread.

Vinlagrette Sauce.

Mince a couple of onions fine, some parsley, chevril, and a few capers, then pour onto them oil and vinegar (three parts of oil to one of vinegar), season with pepper and salt.

Tartare Sauce.

Mince one onion, a few capers, gherkins and parsley, add them to a pint of stiff mayonnaise.

I will quote you two nice English dishes.

Bubble and Squeak.

Slice thinly some cold boiled salt beef, put a piece of butter into a frying pan (dripping can be used, if desired), make it hot; then place in your slices of beef and fry them on both sides till nice and brown; then take them up and put them on a plate and keep warm. Have some cabbage, nicely boiled, well pressed from the water; chop it up fine, then fry it for five minutes in the same pan as the beef; then take up and place it in the centre of your serving dish and place the fried beef all around. Serve very hot.

Hot Pot of Mutton.

Take some mutton cutlets, remove all unnecessary fat, season well with paprika and salt and place on each cutlet a nice slice of raw mutton kidney; place them in a greased pie dish, slightly overlapping each one; sprinkle over them some finely chopped parsley and onions and place on each cut one or two oysters. Have some blanched potatoes ready, cut them out into rounds about one-half inch thick and about one and a half inches around; then arrange all the potatoes (overlapping each other) over the cutlets, pour over the whole some oyster liquor and good gravy, then place on top of the potatoes small pieces of butter and cover over with a greased paper; then place in the oven for about two and a half hours; if it gets dry add a little more gravy; when serving sprinkle over the top with some finely chopped parsley and capers; serve very hot. Any kind of fowl or game can be used the same way, only you must bone it first.



If there is not time to dry, and you must iron, say, an apron or two in a hurry, use very little water to the starch, and put the things through the wringing machine to get them as dry as you can, and you will produce a very fair result.

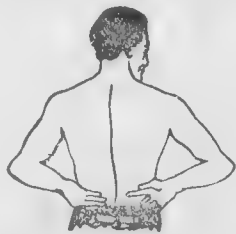


A housewife with a penchant for the fragrance oforris root is said to place a piece of the root in the bottom of the boiler on wash day. The delicate odor clings to the clothes even when they are dried, ironed and worn.

EDWARD DUPONT

CHEF AT THE MARRIAGGI
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Will furnish any lady with helpful suggestions regarding how to prepare the best and most appropriate menu for Suppers, Parties, Dinners, etc. When writing him please mention The Western Home Monthly.



THAT'S THE SPOT!

Right in the small of the back.
Do you ever get a pain there?
If so, do you know what it means?
It is a Backache.

A sure sign of Kidney Trouble.

Don't neglect it. Stop it in time.

If you don't, serious Kidney Troubles are sure to follow.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

cure Backache, Lame Back, Diabetes, Dropsy and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

Price 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers.

DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.
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THE NAME

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

STANDS FOR EVERYTHING THAT
IS GOOD AND PURE IN TEA

SEALED PACKETS ONLY. :: REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

NOW IS THE TIME
FOR COOLING DRINKS

Ask Your Grocer for

BLACKWOOD'S LIME JUICE

BLACKWOOD'S RASPBERRY VINEGAR

and AERATED WATERS

Absolutely Pure. Best on the Market.

THE BLACKWOODS LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MAN.

UPTON'S ORANGE
MARMALADEserved with toast makes a
delicious breakfast.

Insist on your Grocer supplying Upton's

THE BEST STARCH

is none too good for the
careful, tidy housekeeper

THE BEST STARCHES

ARE **Edwardsburg "Silver Gloss"** AND
Benson's "Prepared Corn"

Remember this when buying

Edwardsburg Starch Co. Ltd.



THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

as regards their quality and perfection of construction. They also Speak, Sing and Play FOR OTHERS, who are not with you, although when you hear the **BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE** you can close your eyes and believe they are, so lifelike are the reproductions. These wonderful machines are a neverfailing source of entertainment to young and old alike. They can be had at all prices from \$13.50 to \$65.00.

Below we show only a few patterns. We will send full catalogue free on application.

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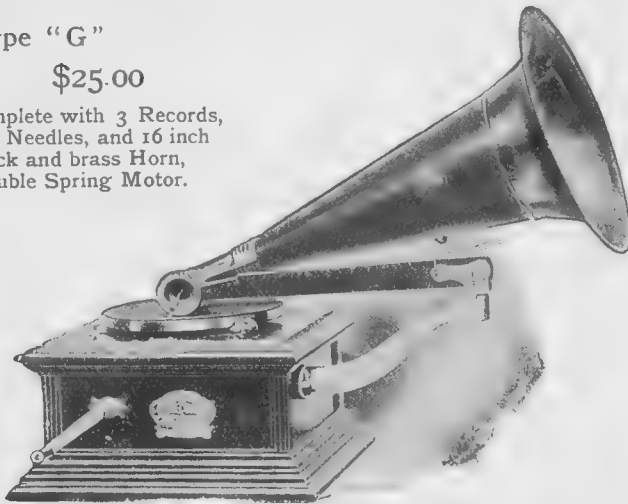
complete with 3 Records
and 200 Needles.



Type "G"

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complete with 3 Records,
200 Needles, and 16 inch
black and brass Horn,
Double Spring Motor.



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complete with 3 Records,
200 Needles, and
16 inch black and brass Horn.



Type "H T"

The new tapering arm machine

\$45.00

complete with 3 10-inch Records,
200 Needles and extra large
black and brass Horn.



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Strike out the unnecessary lines

Singers, Musicians and Bands in your own home, with a clearness and beauty never before attained with any other "Talking Machine." In order to introduce these Machines to the readers of this Journal we will sell a limited number (500) for **ONE LONE DOLLAR** down. The balance in easy Monthly payments, providing the detached Coupon is used. You can have any Machine we make on these terms. Three Records and 200 Needles free with each Machine. The Berliner Flat Maroon Records wear ten times as long as any others. Send for Price List, also full Catalogue of over 2,500 Records.

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OF CANADA, Limited

2315 St. Catherine Street - - - MONTREAL

Offices at WINNIPEG, TORONTO, VANCOUVER

All orders for Manitoba and North-west Territories are filled from Winnipeg, thus saving high Express charges.

Boys and Girls

Peace.

Ah! here is what is sweet:
To wander out some afternoon,
Across the meadows, hand in hand with
June;
Then, sprawling down beneath some broad
oak tree,
To look up through the leaves half-drowsily
And watch them glance and shimmer in the
sun,
Or, gazing out across the fields of wheat,
To see across them little tremors run
Beneath the air that crinkles in the heat.
—J. A. Edgerton.

How to Treat a Horse.

A horse is made of flesh and blood and nerves just the same as a man or a woman. They must eat and drink and rest the same as other folks. A horse is not human quite, but he is capable of suffering from pain, or thirst, or hunger, or cold, the same as human beings do. Therefore, the way to treat your horse is to treat him as you would like to be treated if you were to change places with the horse.

Remember how faithfully the horse has served you all these years. Think how he has patiently plodded day after day in cold and heat, in storm and frost. Do you ever think of this—how faithful he has been?

Do you ever caress your horse or show the slightest appreciation of his service to

slight offences when you are driving. Do not check him up high, especially if you use that form of rein known as an over-draw. Give him a chance to put his head down on a level with his body.

will serve you better, live longer, and keep fatter. Keep your horse fat. It costs no more to keep a fat horse than a lean horse. A bony and lean horse is a disgrace to its driver. Protruding hips and sunken spaces

would like to be treated yourself. It hurts when you hit him. It injures his feelings when you are brutal with him. Remember that you are partners, you and your horse. He is helping you with your work. He is



ON THE FARM OF M. THORP, RIVERSDALE, ASSA.



ON THE FARM OF R. JACKSON, HARTNEY, MAN.

you? Why not give him a bit of sugar or a piece of an apple or pull up a wisp of fresh grass and hand it to him? Pat him on the neck and talk to him, and he will appreciate it—your horse will.

You will be surprised to find how much sympathy and good feeling there is possible between a man and a horse if you will treat him right. Do not jerk him up fiercely for

The check-rein is a useful part of the harness. It keeps the horse from putting his head on the ground and getting himself tangled up in the hitch-strap, but do not make it too tight. Give the horse freedom. The rein hurts his throat—he cannot pull as well—he does not breathe so freely. Give him a loose check-rein.

Keep on the good side of your horse. He

between the ribs are evidences of brutality on the part of the owner.

To half starve a horse and then expect him to work, or to give an old horse (whose teeth are worn out) food that he cannot properly masticate, is so mean and low down that a man who would do such things ought to be publicly horsewhipped.

Be kind to your horse. Treat him as you

drawing your plow or taking you from place to place in your comfortable buggy. Be kind to your partner. His strength is yours to use and not to abuse.

Katie's Answer.

Och! me Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate,
An' her ankles so nate,
Shure she dazed an' she bothered me, too.

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by me side
Like a darlint she sat,
With the wickedest hat
'Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bate!
Fur me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate!
With cheeks like the roses
An' all the red posies
Ye 'ud see in her gardin' so nate.

But I sat jist as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day
Ye'd have nothing to say,
I'd have gone wid me coosin' instead."

Thin I flit meslef grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love at me heart,
That ud niver depart
Though I lived to be wrinkled and owld.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so,
I'd let go of the baste an' I'd throw
Both me arms round yer waist,
An' be stallin' a taste
Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more iligant red,
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes lookin' down
'Neath their lashes so brown,
"Ud ye like me to dhrove, Mishter Ted?"
—Miss C. H. Thayer.

Dainty French Girls.

The French girl dresses more tastefully than the girl of almost any other nation, and yet she does not spend much on dress. What she likes is not so much the clothes as dainty collars, waistbands and other accessories, which she often makes up herself from such simple elements as bits of silk, chiffon, or lace. If she can afford but a single good dress, she does not choose one for its showy color, but prefers some dark material that will wear well and that can be enlivened by a light cravat. As a rule, she likes a nice hat better than a nice dress, and for choosing her headgear she certainly has good taste. She does not take one that looks pretty in the shop window, but carefully selects a hat that will suit her style of face and match her gown.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.



FARM HOME OF ROBT. STEELE, NEAR SOURIS, MAN.

The Check-Rein.

Loosen the check-rein master!
See how your poor horse tries
To free himself from the cruel strain,
He tosses his head because of the pain,
And pleads with his beautiful eyes.

Loosen the check-rein master!
If only a moment you stay
To chat and gossip with friends in town,
Heed the sad pleading of eyes so brown,
And give the tired neck full sway.

Loosen the check-rein, master!
Ah! See what pleasure you bring!
Be careless of check-rein style to-day;
To-morrow, for pity's sake, throw away
The cruel and useless thing.

—Dumb Animals.

Slips of the Tongue.

A well-known literary man tells the following anecdotes of amusing slips of the tongue:

A certain minister was reading a chapter from the New Testament, when his congregation was treated to this surprising version of a famous passage, "—and Peter crowed three times and the cock went forth and wept bitterly."

Another story tells of a man who, on being asked concerning his familiarity with music, replied that he knew but two tunes: "Go Save the Weasel!" and "Pop Goes the Queen."

A Self-Made Man.

Though Minnesota gave President Roosevelt a large majority it elected John A. Johnson Democratic governor of the state. His parents were Scandinavians, he being born in the United States. His success in life reflects honor on his ancestry.

Governor-elect Johnson is a self-made man, if there ever was one. From a youth of poverty and humiliation he has fought his way up to his present proud position. In the recent campaign his opponents made the mistake of calling attention to the shortcomings of Mr. Johnson's father, who was a hopeless drunkard. This attack brought out the real life history of the Democratic candidate, and it proved to be a story of such sadness and filial devotion that it doubtless had much to do with making Mr. Johnson governor. It was shown how, at twelve years of age, young Johnson left the schoolhouse in order to help support his mother and sisters, with his wages of \$10 a week as general utility boy in a country store at St. Peter. Two years later the boy was earning enough to support the entire family, and he made his mother stop "taking in washing." Eventually, backed by the friends who knew what a genuine man he was, Johnson bought the St. Peter Herald. He knew nothing about newspapers, or newspaper management at that time, but he soon came to be recognized as one of the ablest country editors in Minnesota. He was state senator for eight years and now holds the position of governor of the state.

A Growing Barn.

A few years ago a farmer in Indiana built a small barn and in its construction used green willow posts at the corners and sides. For some time nothing unusual was noticed, but after a year he noticed that whereas he had the floor near the ground it was three feet above the soil. He discovered that the willow posts instead of being dead were alive, had taken root and were growing. In their upward movement they had carried the barn along. Last spring the barn was on stilts nine feet high, and he put in a new floor and surrounded the posts with siding, thereby making a two story affair. There is now a space of six inches between the floor and the ground, and the owner expects to have a three story barn in the course of time.

Attention! Boys and Girls.

Think success and you will more than likely attain it. Think failure and it will not be slow in putting in an appearance.

The safest, surest and most profitable motto is made up of one little word—Truthfulness.

Defective teeth led to 2,451 soldiers being invalided home from South Africa during the war.

High-heeled shoes are said to have originated in Persia, where they aided in keeping the feet from the hot sands.

Each year about 10,000 pounds are expended in sprinkling the streets of London with sand to prevent horses from slipping.

Throughout the world about three per cent. of people gain their living directly from the sea.

"Know thyself," says an old proverb, but if some men observe this injunction, they wouldn't know much.

Never admit that you are doing your very best. Always feel that greater effort will bring greater success—keep setting your ideal just a little farther ahead.

A cheese mite a quarter of an inch long can jump out of a vessel six inches deep. To equal this feat a man would have to jump out of a well 144 feet deep.

The king of Denmark has a very valuable collection of birds' eggs, which includes specimens of nearly every kind in existence. The collection is considered to be worth about seventy-five thousand dollars.

The oldest love-letter in the world is in the British Museum. It is a proposal of

marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess, and it was made 3,500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick.

Germany is the largest manufacturer of cheap toys. Fully 50,000 persons are engaged in this industry. Enormous quantities are consumed at home, and the empire exports toys to the value of more than \$13,000,000 annually.

The board of education of the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland, has issued a circular recommending that every school library in the canton procure a copy of the German translation of Prof. Johan Bergman's World's History of the Temperance Movement.

A man weighing 200 pounds is made up of 120 pounds of water and 80 pounds of solids. The latter includes bone, muscle, etc. Even the fat of the body contains 15 per cent. of water; the liver is made up of 69 per cent. and the blood of 83. The skin contains 72 per cent., the brain 75 and the muscle 75.

During a recent visit made by an English social reformer to a shirt factory the foreman started a piece of cloth on the rounds and made it come out a finished shirt in just six and one-half minutes. Seven girls worked on the shirt. One machine made 16,800 buttonholes in a day, or twenty-eight a minute. In ten hours in this shop a man can cut 250 dozen, or 3,000 shirts.

The largest dwelling house in the world is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, containing in all between 1,200 and 1,500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 separate apartments. The immense house, wherein a whole city lives, works, eats and sleeps, has 13 courts—five open and eight covered—and a garden within its walls.

An Englishman has invented a clock that will run for 2,000 years. The motive power is a small piece of gold leaf which is electrified by means of a very small quantity of radium salt. The gold leaf bends away from the metal substance and keeps moving under this influence until it touches the side of the containing vessel. At the moment of contact it loses its electrical charge and then springs back and is again electrified and the process is repeated.

Man Behind the Plow.

You may talk about your beauties
Who adorn your city street,
And all about your moneyed men
Who look so trim and neat;
But I'll make just this one statement,
And its truth you will allow,
The one who feeds us all, is
The man behind the plow!

He furnishes our corn and bread
Our fruits and berries sweet;
Our cotton and our linen goods,
Our coffee and our meat;
And I'll tell you what's the matter,
Unto him I'll always bow,
For the one who feeds us all, is
The man behind the plow!

You may read our nation's history
And the lives of men of note,
And you'll find with few exceptions,
That the ones on whom we dote
Were not the sons of wealthy men;
And you know that even now,
The best men in our country have
Been seen behind the plow!

So when at last I choose a maid
To share my lot in life,
To step into my parlor,
And to be my honest wife,
'Twill be none of your city girls
To whom I'll make my vow,
But she will be the daughter of
The man behind the plow!

—Wm. E. Rutter.

EVERY PLACE ON THE PRAIRIES

Has its Cures Credited to Dodd's Kidney Pills

John White Could Get Nothing to Help his Rheumatism Till he Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Yellow Grass, Assa., N.W.T., July 2. (Special).—No place on the prairies but can furnish some proof of the splendid work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing in wiping out the Kidney ailments of the West. It was near here that little Edith Harris was so wonderfully cured of Dropsy by them, and now Mr. John White is giving an experience almost as remarkable.

"I think," Mr. White says, "I should let the public know of the benefit I got from Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had Rheumatism for years, and neither doctors nor medicines did me a bit of good till last spring I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. They did me a great deal of good. I feel like recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills even stronger than I talk."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys strain all seeds of disease out of the blood. They tone up the body to its highest standard of health and energy.



"M'sieur, he say like this Alphonse, you are a—what you call him—a economical cook.

Voila! it is not me—it is that delicious LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,

I use up all—everything. A dash of LEA & PERRINS' and—presto; the left-overs are changed to the stew, and the ragout, and the croquette, and the dainty dish.

Nothing goes to the waste.

Alphonse is—what you say—right all over, when he has the LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE."

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

The Genuine Worcestershire.

J. M. DOUGLAS & Co., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.

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The Proper Time



TO TAKE A
REMEDY
IS WHEN
THE FIRST
SYMPTOMS
APPEAR.

SO MANY
WOMEN

who suffer from weakness and nervous exhaustion neglect taking a cure until they have lost Health, Strength and Beauty. That is a mistake. As soon as you feel miserable and "out-of-sorts" commence taking

"7 Monks' Ton-i-Cure"

It will tone up the Nerves, Create Health, Strength and Energy.

It is a Wonderful Remedy.
Sold by all Druggists for \$1.00.

If you cannot procure from your Druggist, we will mail it prepaid Upon receipt of the price.

7 Monks' Company

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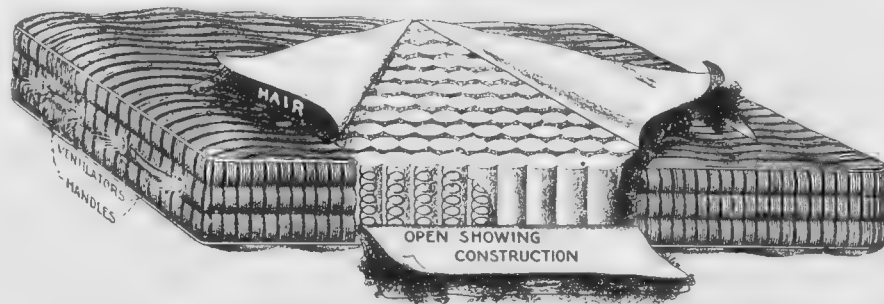
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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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The Western Home Monthly.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress



THE ONLY MATTRESS THAT WILL NEVER SAG.

Are you enjoying the blessing of a Comfortable, Healthy, Restful Sleep? Probably not, because the Mattress you are sleeping on has been in use so long it has become uncomfortable or unhealthy. Either is sufficient cause for a change. Why not get a Marshall?—the Healthy, Clean, Wholesome, Ventilated kind! The only Mattress that is kept clean and sweet by having a circulation of air going through its entire interior construction.

ABSOLUTELY THE MOST COMFORTABLE MATTRESS MADE.

It never sags, bags, hardens or gets lumpy. Lasts a lifetime, and is recommended by Physicians, Hospitals, Hotels, and thousands of delighted users. Guaranteed for five years. Sold subject to 30 days' trial, and money returned if not satisfactory.

A Perfect Boon to Invalids.

A Luxurious Resting Place.

Send for Catalogue and Testimonials.

The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Month's Bright Sayings

Lloyd George.

The consistency of Mr. Chamberlain is the consistency of the weathercock.

Dr. James Bain.

Canada is far behind the United States in library buildings, in equipment and in all facilities for making the public library a great popular institution.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick.

"High water marks" in educational matters, and "hand springs" in legislation are things I cannot understand.

Calgary Herald.

History is full of examples of final settlements that have been reopened and of irrevocable acts that have been repealed.

Ald. Cox (Winnipeg).

This "voice of the people" business is all bosh. The very men who voted against Sunday cars two years ago would vote for them now.

The Prairie Witness.

The newspapers nowadays teem with accounts of Frank Oliver's boyhood days. It is no doubt peculiar, but nearly all great men have had such days.

Horace Lorimer.

Jefferson and Lincoln and all our other great men of the past had one fundamental principle—to do in any given situation that which was wise and just.

D. Herbert Moore.

The "ad." which tickles a woman's fancy and appeals to her love for the beautiful may be—and usually is—leagues removed from the one that brings her to the buying point.

Hon. Frank Oliver.

The people had lately heard two discourses on the school question of the Northwest, one from a gentleman eminent in his party rank, and the other of considerable eminence in his own opinion.

Tid-Bits.

Great Author: "Waiter, this steak is as tough as leather."

Waiter: "I've always heard you was an original character, sir; but I'm hanged if you don't say jist the same as all of 'em do."

Robert Wodlen.

Golf is especially advantageous to women, not only because it takes her out into the open country, but because the game calls into particular action the muscles of the chest and front, and sides of the waist and abdomen.

Lady Henry Somerset.

To illustrate to you how women abroad have taken to drink, I want to say that about fifteen years ago the average arrests in London for intoxication was four men to one woman. Now it is three women to one man.

Premier Haultain.

I have no announcement to make and I think there is no announcement necessary. I have nothing more to say than this, that we all—you and I and all who live in this province—shall do our best to make Alberta the best of the provinces of the Territories.

Mayor Edward F. Dunne.

In the scores of the cities of the world where municipal ownership and operation has become a reality under a civil service law, it has minimized municipal corruption. It has stamped out the briber and the bootler. It has taken franchise and special privilege seeking, breeder of official debauchery, out of politics.

Henry Black Needham.

Thanks to the influence of the colleges, there is growing up a class of students tainted with commercialism.

Ram's Horn.

Men who couldn't organize a peanut stand know just how the pastor should run the church.

Archibishop Matheson.

There is too much talk about English and not enough English.

W. A. McIntyre.

The worst feature of our University work in the West is our low percentage.

Dr. Alex. F. Chamberlain.

Women are more cruel, irritable and cunning than men. They are rarely gifted in music, in art, in writing, in sculpture, in intellect or in logic.

Premier Haultain.

We all have our own ideas about what the future is to bring before us, but the great responsibility is to do now what is presented.

Emperor of Japan (To Togo).

Our navy, with the best strategy and greatest courage, annihilated the enemy's squadron and answered our hope. We appreciate deeply your splendid success.

Mr. P. Talbot, M. P.

Now, Mr. Speaker, I am supporting the Bill. Not because I am a Liberal, or because it was introduced by the right hon. Prime Minister, for whom I have every admiration, but because I believe it to be the best in the interests of the West.

Hon. R. L. Borden.

I want to make it plain that when our opponents endeavor to persuade you that this Act simply perpetuates the existing school system, they are deceiving you and they know they are deceiving you.

Judge D. Cady Herrick.

I am a believer in trades-unions, and I find in the average unionists a far more intelligent apprehension of governmental functions than that had by the business man. He knows how to use his franchise.

Hon. Sydney Fisher.

There is no doubt in my mind, that in the near future we shall be able to distribute to the people of the Northwest a large number of trees which will bear a good, useful apple for ordinary household purposes.

Henry Ogen.

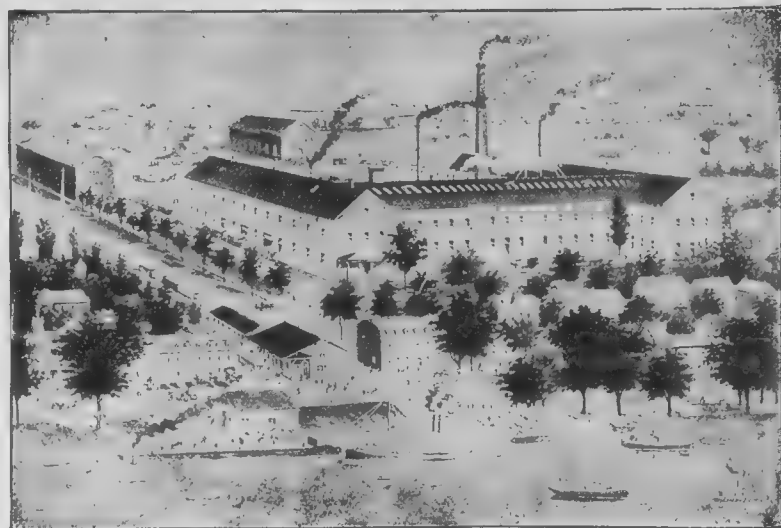
What's the use of swearing? Swearing never brought back a mis-spent hour, never mended an error, never made anything in this world better. Did you ever find that cursing an error corrected it?

Frederic Harrison.

Mechanics, physics, chemistry, biology undoubtedly explain man as an animal. But they never can explain man as a loving sympathetic, social, moral, religious being. This side of man's nature, the greatest side of his nature, the largest, most dominant, and most sublime fact in all nature, can only be explained by social science, solid philosophy, true religion.

Senator Beveridge.

The gentleman has been splitting hairs. He has been trying to prove that two like things are different. He resembles the young lady who defended her sex's reticence. "A woman can't keep a secret," someone said to this



Melchers' "Red Cross" Gin Distillery

At Berthier, Que., is the only Gin Distillery in Canada.

MELCHERS' "RED CROSS GIN" was first put on the market in 1902. Today, it is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In 3 years it has won a national reputation and firmly established its claim of superiority over the higher-priced imported brands.

MELCHERS' "RED CROSS" is the only Gin that is guaranteed by the Canadian government to be fully aged. The "Red Cross" Distillery is under the supervision of Dominion officials, who vouch for the age and purity of the liquor.

Every bottle of Melchers' "Red Cross" Gin has a government stamp bearing the signature of Mr. W. J. Gerald, Deputy Minister of Interior,

and certifying that the gin is at least 2 years old, and has been aged in bonded warehouses.

It is a well known fact that many Holland Gins are not properly matured, but are bottled as soon as distilled, without being freed from fusel oil and other substances which only age can eliminate.

Perfect distilling, and 2 years ageing in bond, give Melchers' "Red Cross" Gin its aromatic, delicious flavor, and make it a palatable cordial—an invaluable cure for kidney and bladder troubles.

Get the gin that the Dominion of Canada says is properly distilled, fully aged, and pure—MELCHERS' "RED CROSS."

Sold by dealers everywhere.

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL

young lady. "She can too," the young lady answered. "It isn't the woman who gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to who let it out."

E. A. Bailey.

In the states railway companies have bought legislatures, governors, officials of all ranks, municipal corporations, mayors, councillors and every man and woman who could help or hinder the success of their schemes. In Canada the railway octopus has not gone so far as this but at the present rate of progress the noxious animal will rival its Yankee compeers before very long.

What amazes us is the number of folks who can't remember half that happened last year but are perfectly certain of what is going to take place in the hereafter.

Sell Eggs by Weight.

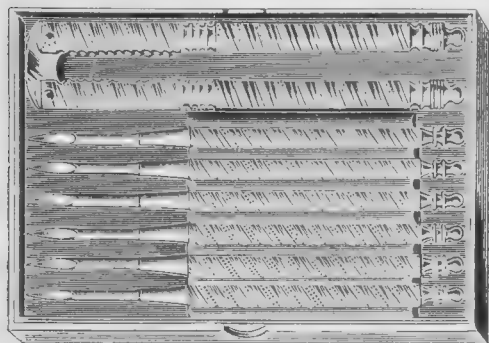
The best hen is not always the one that lays the largest number of eggs in a year. True, she may be the best from a numerical standpoint, but she may not really have performed as great service as some other hen laying fewer but larger eggs. A hen that lays 100 eggs at 8 eggs per pound, produces 12½ pounds of eggs per year, while another hen, laying 120 eggs at 10 eggs per pound, produces 12 pounds, or half a pound less. It is admitted that the hen laying 120 eggs per year may bring in more money, but she is not as valuable so far as the amount produced is concerned, as the other. If eggs were sold by weight the most valuable hen would be the one that converted the food into the greatest possible weight of eggs, while the buyer would also receive the full and true value of his money.



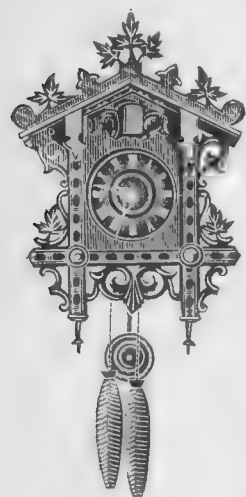
COMFORT SOAP "IT'S ALL RIGHT."

USE IT—For your own sake.
USE IT—For the soap's sake.
USE IT—For the sake of the premiums.

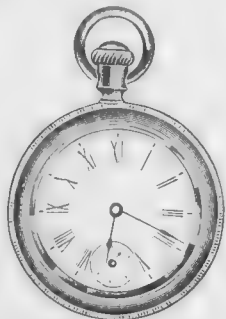
"COMFORT" is a pure, sweet, wholesome soap, dealing sudden death to dirt, without harming either tender hands or delicate fabrics. For wash-day, and every other day, you'll find it the quickest, easiest, CLEANEST soap you ever used. Take advantage of our liberal premium offers—cut the Trade Mark from every "Comfort" wrapper, and save them to exchange for any of the handsome articles in this list that may please your fancy.



Nut Set.—Consisting of pair of crackers and half dozen picks in box, as shown, silver plated serpentine pattern. New and popular. Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or for 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



Cuckoo Clock.—New and popular. Dark walnut case, cottage style, carved trimmings, inlaid ornamentation, enamelled white wood hands and dial figures, day clock, hour and half hour call (cuckoo comes out every half hour), body 20 inches high and 14 inches wide, dial 5 inches, heavy chain and cone weights. This is a beautiful clock. Packed and shipped F.O.B. For 25 Comfort Trade Marks and \$4.00.



Boy's Watch.—Open faced, nickel case, hinged back, stem wind and set. Thoroughly tested. Gentlemen's regular size and as good a timer as father's. For 25 Comfort Trade Marks and \$1.00.



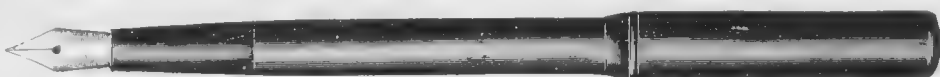
50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

Lady's Open Face Silver Watch.—Coin silver case, embossed front and back, hinged back, inside case, stem wind and set, fancy dial, hour, minute and second. For 25 Comfort Trade Marks and \$3.00.



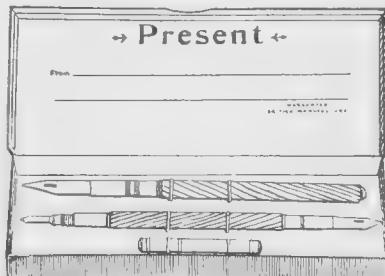
Free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

Splendid Fountain Pen.—One of the very best made. For 400 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and \$1.00.



This fine pair of 6 inch scissors free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 10c.

Very useful **School Set** in a nice case, for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

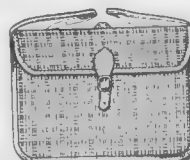


Girl's School Bag, with handle to carry. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

Boy's School Bag, with strap to go over shoulder. For 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



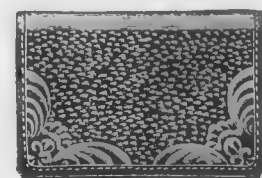
Junior League Base Ball. For 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.



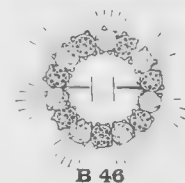
This fine **Mouth Organ** for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.



A handsome **Leather Purse**, embossed, assorted patterns reliably made in the latest style, free for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or for 25 Trade Marks and 25c.

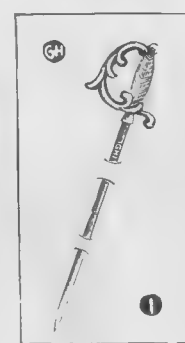


Shopping Satchel. Large size, 7x5 inches; of handsome black leather, with purse inside to match. Free for 200 Trade Marks or for 25 Trade Marks and 50 cents.



B 46

B 46—Circle Brooch Pin. Warranted ten years. Each pin contains 14 stones. Your choice of emerald, ruby, turquoise and Rhine stones, combinations. Sent for 50 Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 10c.

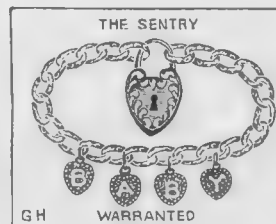


S 1.

S 1—Gold Filled Dagger Stick Pin.—Warranted to wear ten years. Sent for 25 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 10c.

F 78—Sterling Silver-plated, chased, Curb Chain Bracelet, for the little ones.

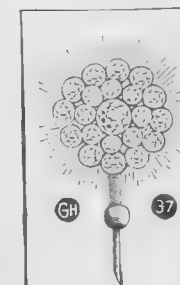
Has four heart-shaped bangles, each engraved with initial, the combination spelling the word "Baby." Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 5 Trade Marks and 15c.



F 78.



502.



H 37.

502—Solid Gold-Filled Crescent Brooch.—12 very choice imitation pearls, with turquoise stone in centre. This is a gem. 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 25c.



T 80.

A 37—Gold-Plated, Enamelled Beauty Pin.—3 pins to each set. The set sent for 10 Trade Marks. State color wanted.

T 80—Necklace, suitable for misses or babies. Has turquoise pin-head pendant suspended from each chain. Free for 50 Comfort Trade Marks, or 10 Trade Marks and 15c.

S 9—3 Stones in Clover Leaf Setting.—Choice of Brilliants, Rubies, Turquoise, Amethysts, Emeralds or Pearls. Very popular. Two sizes—Ladies and Gentlemen's. 25 Comfort Trade Marks alone, or 10 Comfort Trade Marks and 5c.

H 37—Rhine Stone Cluster Hat Pin, full of luster. The cluster is mounted on spiral spring, which gives it an elegant effect. Sent for 100 Comfort Trade Marks, or 25 Trade Marks and 25c.



S 9.

Write us for a complete catalogue of the handsome premiums we offer. We will send it free of charge, and in it you will find a most tempting assortment of Jewellery, Silverware, Pictures, Books, Music, and Ornamental Trinkets to choose among.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAILING TRADE MARKS.

Cut out the necessary number of Trade Marks, as shown here, from your Comfort Soap wraps, and mail them to us with a note, telling exactly what you want.

Fifty Trade Marks, with a note, can be mailed for a two-cent stamp, and don't fail to write your name and full address quite clearly. If sending more than 50 Trade Marks, just cut out the centre of the Trade Mark as shown (No. 2), and reduce weight, saving postage.

IN SENDING MONEY.

Amounts under \$1.00 may be sent in stamps or postal note. Larger sums should be forwarded by P.O. Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft, or Registered Letter. We cannot be responsible for money sent in unregistered letters.

This list of premiums is offered for a limited time only. We reserve the right to withdraw any article enumerated, in which case you may make another choice.

Address all letters, Money Orders, Trade Marks, etc., to



COMFORT SOAP, TORONTO.

The Physician

Written Specially for The Western Home Monthly



HE true scope as well as the powers and limitations of the medical man are often imperfectly understood; the various functions of the physician—cure, alleviation, prevention, and teaching—are better defined by the Latin cura, "care," than by its derivative, "cure," in its modern sense. To care for the health of the whole community is a far wider field of usefulness than to cure the sick individually.

In his work among the sick the physician is too often viewed as a kind of sorcerer, and he is invoked to use the mysterious chemicals he is supposed to have. How many people there are to-day who imagine that if they could get hold of the doctor's prescription-book they could perform wonderful cures! Yet few drugs that we use in medicine have any certainty of action. Indeed, of the more than four thousand drugs in use to-day, about the action of less than twenty is there any real certainty.

Surgical and other remedial measures are more certain and positive in their action; indeed, these often act like

the ripe and experienced physician whose saddle-bag contains no specifics, and whose remedies are by no means numerous.

It is to be feared that the physician has sometimes permitted or encouraged an exaggerated estimate of his power and importance. The physician is human, and when the patient gets well he has not the heart to dispel the illusion which inspires grateful praise. Perhaps he feels that these are in some measure his due, to offset the unjust criticism which all physicians receive. But in the end he must remember that any mistaken idea of his powers will react when he fails to save a case which no power on earth could save, when it is said of him that he utterly failed to grasp the situation. Therefore the interests of both physician and patient are always best served by both having an intelligent comprehension of the scope, the powers, and the limitations of medical science.

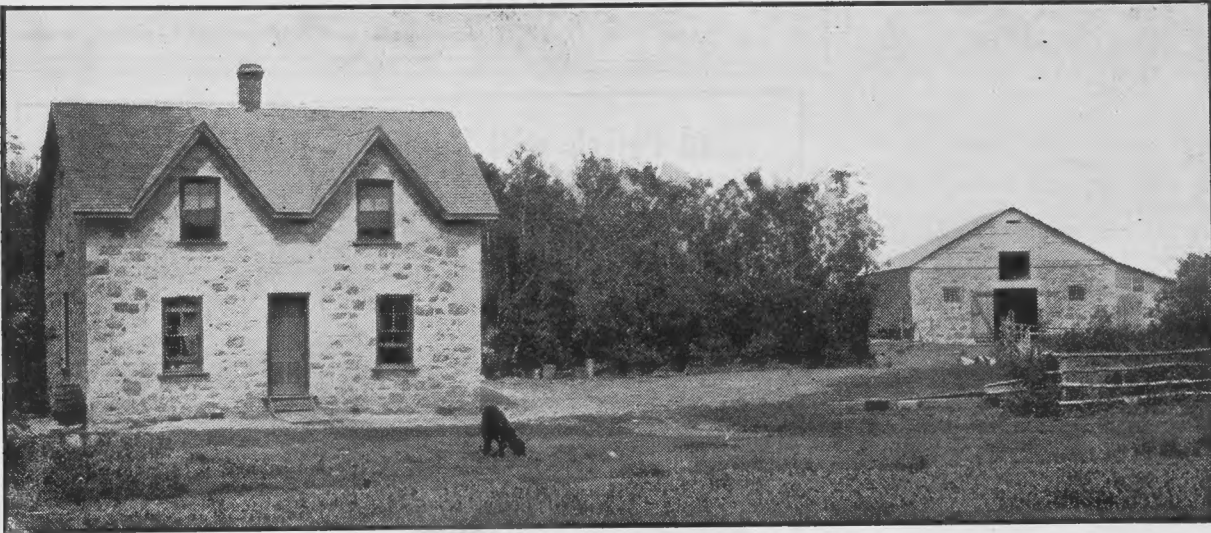
The cure of disease will always be an important element in the physician's work, and the care of the incurable sick, the alleviation of pain and suffering, and the prolongation of

stead of being looked upon as a necessary evil, whose visits are avoided as long as possible, and are at all times, a source of uneasiness. He should be a sanitary officer of the family, with whom there should be free intercourse. He should be consulted on a hundred personal and family questions which may perhaps influence the symmetrical development of a child, if not, indeed, shape the destiny of a man.

The eradication of inherited tendencies; the direct improvement of the physical and mental measures of stocks; the development of a hardy constitution in weak children; the stoppage of many fatal organic diseases in their incipency; the arrest of acute inflammations at a time when this is possible; the ensuring of longevity and a sound old age—these are some of the things which the physician of to-day is able, but which he is not often permitted, to do.

It must be admitted that it is impossible to go into details with every patient; yet it is likewise true that, to some extent, every patient can be made to comprehend some of the salient features of the case in question.

Teaching should be an important part of the physician's daily labors. Medical advice given in the abstract is wholly barren of results. The instruction should be of such a character as to convey clear ideas of pertinent physiological and scientific facts. As in all teaching, the living voice is effective in a greater degree than the



STONE RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JOHN HUTSON, WOLSELEY, ASSA

magic; but in the large proportion of cases the physician is far from being a magician and has no absolute power over disease. He is simply one learned in the science of medicine, and he should likewise be well learned in all the collateral sciences and experienced in the management of sickness; but he is only one factor in, yet the chief of all the forces operating for the maintenance of life and against death. The nurse, the patient himself, his friends, and often his ancestors, influence the result for good or for evil.

The power of the physician against disease and death lies chiefly in his trained faculties of observation; in his superior insight into details and particulars; in his comprehensive grasp of medical principles; in his profound knowledge of all the conditions which are for and against life; in his wise judgment, his honesty of purpose, his sympathy of heart, and conscientious application. These are the qualities of brain and heart that enable a physician to nurse the flickering flame of life back to health and strength where a less skilful hand would extinguish it forever.

Like the architect, the builder, and the general, the doctor is a director of forces, a supervisor, an exerciser of good judgment; but his equipment is intellectual more than physical; his power to cure is oftener in his head than in his satchel.

How notable in the inexperienced and newly initiated young physician is the readiness to know and possess the very "specific" for any ailment that may come to him, let the same be acute or chronic, as compared with

life are priceless beneficences; but the most valuable service which scientific medicine is capable of rendering lies in the direction of the prevention of disease in the family, in the state, and in the nation.

Indeed, we cannot fail to realize that this is the great era of preventive medicine. To-day it is known that nearly every disease has its own specific germ origin; and the laws that govern and control this germ in its every form are becoming known. Herein lies our greatest hope, for the ounce of prevention will ever remain better than the pound of cure. Even though medicine has made marvelous strides in the recent past, it must be acknowledged that our resources are still wanting in view of the severity of many maladies. Therefore it behooves us to use our best efforts to prevent the development of disease.

Let one of our magnificent ocean vessels be sailing the high seas under a tropic sun. On the horizon there rises a small cloud. Its appearance is unheeded, and though the cloud waxes there is still no awakening. When presently the storm breaks upon the ship with vicious fury, a wild rush is made to take in sail and to set the vessel in order, but it is too late. Such neglect would be criminally bad seamanship, but it is an illustration of what occurs every day upon the uncertain sea of life.

The efficiency of the medical man will be immensely increased when his relation to the family is more constant instead of being intermittent and irregular. The doctor should come and go like the clergyman or priest, in-

printed page can ever be; indeed, the talent which some physicians have for clearly illustrating a subject or emphasizing a fact is an important element in their success.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

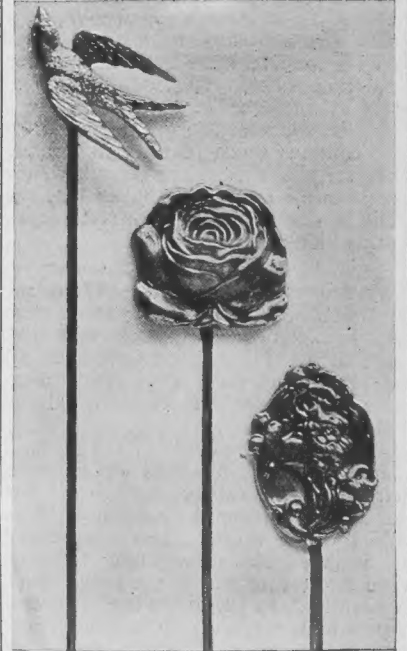
Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

FOR SUMMER WEAR

With the advent of Summer the demand comes for Dainty Novelties to go with the Summer Blouse and Summer Hat. Here we have three of the newest Hat Pins and a Blouse Set of much attractiveness. :: :: :: ::

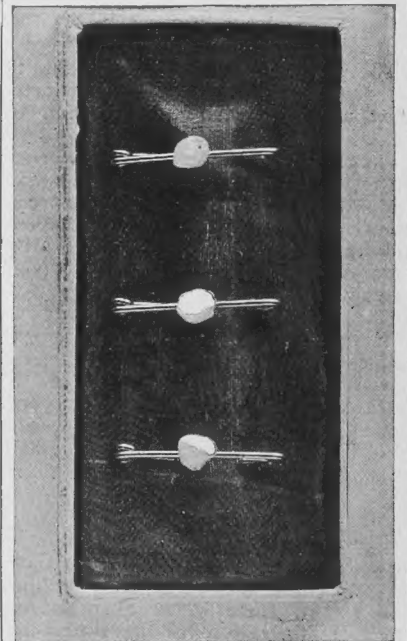


Three New Hat Pins

STERLING SILVER EXTRA LONG PINS
EACH SENT IN SEPARATE BOX

Illustrations Exact Size

- No. E33. Rose Hat Pin, 25 Cents
No. E34. Head Hat Pin, 25 Cents
No. E35. Swallow Hat Pin, 60 Cents



New Baroque Pearl Waist Set

No. E25. With Gold Filled Pins,
\$1.25 complete

No. E26. With Solid 14k. Gold Pins,
\$3.75 complete

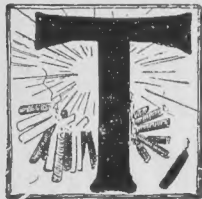
Each Set in Satin Lined Box
Illustrations -xact size

Any of the above sent by mail upon receipt of price. Each piece we guarantee to be of the highest quality. We refund your money cheerfully upon return of any article that is not satisfactory.

**HENRY BIRKS
AND SONS**

GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS

350-352 MAIN ST. :: WINNIPEG, MAN.



TO OUR READERS

The Philosopher will continue to philosophize on current comment. Watch this page if you would be "up" on every live subject.

The Western Home Monthly, accepts no "fake" advertisements. Every one is genuine, and may be relied upon to represent the goods advertised.

"What the World is Saying" is a resume of the best thought, particularly Western. The editors of our Western papers say so many good things that we wish to give their articles a wider circulation.

Mr. Brown's article in this month's issue contains much that Ralph Connor has never published. The famous writer reveals to the interviewer much that the public has not known about his aims, and his views of Canada, etc.

We invite correspondence. Many are the difficulties which meet young men. Rev. J. L. Gordon will talk with you about them. He is experienced in all that pertains to the life of young men. Write him, care of Western Home Monthly.

Men who have achieved eminence in their respective callings will write for The Monthly under the caption of "The Making of the West." This feature will be continued for some time. It is of great interest to know what our leading men have to say about the West and its possibilities. We feel sure our readers will follow closely the series of articles.

The chef of the Marriaggi, Winnipeg, continues to give his excellent recipes in "Household Suggestions." From several sources we learn that our readers appreciate the department. There is no one better qualified to tickle the palate than the chef of Winnipeg's chief hotel. Every lady should cut these suggestions out for present or future use.

The publishers recognize the value to a home of a Women's Department. They are giving special attention to these columns. Everything will be done to make them attractive and interesting to the thousands of ladies who read The Western Home Monthly. Special attention is called to "What to Wear and When to Wear It." Up to date hints will be given of the latest styles in women's wear.

Everyone interested in the moral welfare of others should recommend The Western Home Monthly. It is educative and informing. If your friends were given a copy they would subscribe. There is not a cheaper five cents worth of literature on the market.

If you wish to give your friends in the old land glimpses of Western Canada, you could not find a better medium than The Western Home Monthly. It is full of illustrations of the varied life of our country. Besides, it is tastefully gotten up and your friends would prize the information it gives.

Men who are competent to judge are saying good things about The Western Home Monthly. They commend its comments, and are favorably impressed with its general make-up. We wish to state that the standard will not only be kept up, but improved. A resume of "What the World is Saying" will be continued, and the subjects treated will be those that people are thinking and talking about.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

A Saddle Song.

I'll sing you a song of the saddle
An' a sinewy, swift little horse—
Oh! th' desert waste is a gruesome
place
An' th' sharp sand stings as it hits
your face
An' th' whirlwinds block your course!

From here to th' far-off mountains
Th' road is long an' dry—
There's a grassy glare to th' hell-like
air
That makes you dizzy and hurts for
fair
An' th' buzzards reel through th' sky!

Th' little horse lopes with a steady
gait
But he shakes his head an' snorts—
Th' sand an' the glare are blinding
you
An' you wonder if ever he'll take you
through
To th' water your fierce thirst courts!
You take a drink from your canteen
But th' water is flat an' hot—
Oh! the laughing, rippling, cool, cool,
clear stream
Where th' shadows float an' you sit
an' dream,
Can't you ever forget th' spot!

"Here's How!" to th' far-off desert!
"Here's Luck!" to th' swift little
horse!
May his bones never bleach in th'
sun's fierce glare.
May he stay by what water there is
out there,
'Till his life has spent its force!

—Recreation.

No man's education is complete until
he can tell when a woman's hat is on
straight.



**Have Restored Thousands of
Canadian Women to
Health and Strength.**

There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of woman a round of sickness and suffering.

Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

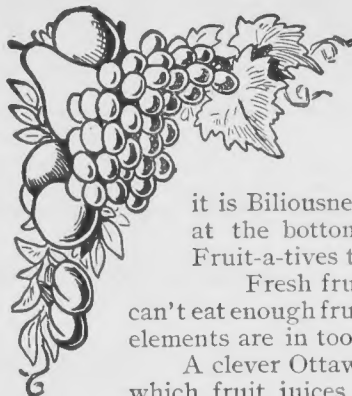
Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are tided over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, no-ambition feeling.

50c. PER BOX, OR 3 FOR \$1.25
ALL DEALERS.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont



Headaches

*When the Head aches and
the Tongue is Coated*

it is Biliousness or Constipation. Torpid Liver is at the bottom of the trouble. And it takes Fruit-a-tives to make that lazy liver work.

Fresh fruit is fine for these troubles, but one can't eat enough fruit to do much good. The medicinal elements are in too small proportion in the ripe fruits.

A clever Ottawa physician discovered a method by which fruit juices could be combined so that their medicinal action would be increased many times.

Fruit-a-tives are these fruit juices in tablet form. They sweeten and tone the stomach and liver, cure Constipation and remove all blood impurities. One Fruit-a-tives tablet has the same curative effect on liver and bowels as dozens of oranges, apples, figs and prunes. And this action is as gentle as the fruit juices themselves.

"I have been suffering with Torpid Liver and Constipation, and find that Fruit-a-tives are just what my system requires to relieve these complaints. I hope many more sufferers will try them."

MRS. WM. TREFFRY, Burnside, Man.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

50c. a box. At all druggists.

Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Bad Polish will Ruin the Best Leather.

The leather of your shoes has a life to live.

Starve or poison it and it rots, cracks, dries up and dies

—gives you only half the wear you paid for.

Neglecting to polish your shoes is

leather starvation. Turpen-
tine or varnish polishes
are leather poison.



Black "O" is a combination of liquid and paste polish in paste form. It doesn't contain an ingredient that will hurt leather, it contains much that will help it wear well and last long.

Black "O" will give an easy, quick, lasting black shine. Ask your dealer for Black "O" and insist on getting it.

Black "O"



THE 20th CENTURY TREATMENT, The source of all Power, The Fountain of Youth,

discovered in the Laboratories of Dr. Jules Kohr. The result of 50 years of scientific research. Lost manhood brought back after years of weakness and despair. Nature's Secret restored by combining three of the rarest chemical reagents in the world. This is no experiment. It is proved by its use in the Hospitals of Europe. Tens of thousands of weak and hopeless cases cured by 30 days treatment. This is a fact! Prove it yourself by a test. A 5 days treatment with full particulars sent absolutely free. All packages are carefully sealed in a plain wrapper with no mark. A full 30 days treatment (180 doses) with guaranteed cure or refund of money, for \$3.00.

Send for sworn Canadian testimonials received within the last twelve months. (7)
Dr. KOHR MEDICINE CO., P.O. Drawer 2341, MONTREAL.

Puzzle Column

For Boys and Girls.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us one original puzzle eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number. The Monthly. Answers will appear in the August issue.

Puzzles.

1. Word diamond—(a) in rosebud; (b) a toy; (c) flowers; (d) cat; (e) in rosebud.
2. When is a silver tea-pot most likely to run?
3. I am a celestial body; reverse me and I am vermin.
4. Which side of a pitcher is the handle on?
5. Word square:—
Eminent.
A Rambler.
To assert.
A female name.
Terror.
6. What is it that God never sees; the king seldom sees and we see every day?

Answers to Puzzles.

1. When you receipt (re-seat) it.
2. When it is le(a)d.
3. Hydrochloric acid.
4. The one you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick.
5. Time.
6. Cord; olio; rids; dose.

Magic Lantern Entertainment.

An idea for an entertainment is a magic lantern with slides dealing with subjects of local interest. In every settlement, no matter how far in the country, there is sure to be one of the community interested in photography; that is all that is needed.

The amateur photographer can easily print the photos on the lantern slides, and so you can get your friends shown splendidly by the magic lantern. Great fun is caused if the photos are taken quietly, and the unsuspecting subjects are confronted with themselves at the entertainment.

Prize Winners.

May Christie, Manotick, Ont.
Jacob Gresbrecht, Rosthern, Sask.
Fred W. Smith, Sky Glen, N.S.
Charley Magson, Carstairs, Alta.
Mrs. J. Wm. Boss, Athol, Cumberland Co., N.S.
Isaac Toews, Kleefeld, Man.
Etna J. Snyder, Box Alder, Ont.
Mary Dryden, Sheho, Assa.
DeWitt Kirby, Madford, Man.
Ethel Gray, Brierwood, Man.
E. N. Boettger, Three Valley, B.C.
Aggie Sherrett, Macgregor, Man.
Rich'd J. Bell, Weyburn, Assa.
Aex. Cormack, Lone Tree, Man.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—John Ruskin.

Ian Maclaren has closed his pastorate at Liverpool, England, at 55 years of age, leaving 723 names on the membership roll, with an annual expenditure of \$15,000. He hopes to begin live anew in another field, where he can do better work with his accumulations and experience.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for awhile and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

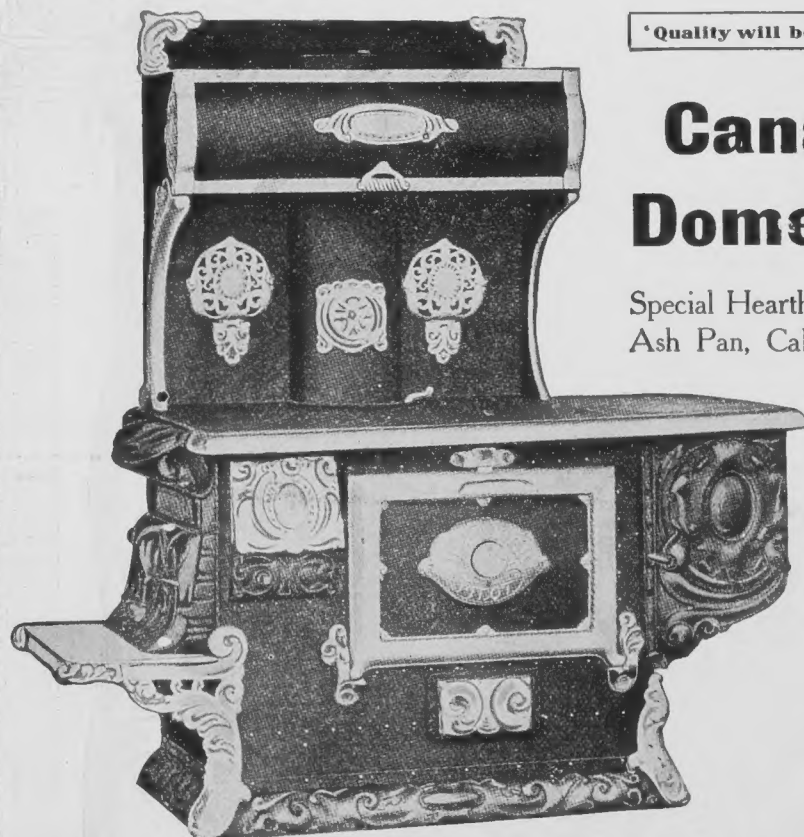
The Woman who Would And The Grocer who wouldn't.

Every day from five to fifteen letters are received by The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. from women living in the smaller towns throughout Canada, saying they have asked their grocer for Royal Household Flour but can't get it. One writes—"I told my grocer, Mr.---, that I would buy 'Royal Household' regularly if he would always keep it on hand, but he said he wouldn't take on another brand of flour until he was obliged to." Another says—"My grocer is an 'old fogie' and never gets the newest or the best things until the year after." A third says—"We haven't an enterprising grocer in our town and are obliged to send to-----for 'Royal Household' or take a poorer flour."

Write direct to Ogilvie's.

If you can't get "Royal Household" from your grocer, write to us direct—we will immediately give you the name of the nearest grocer who keeps "Royal Household" and send you also the "Royal Household" recipes. There is no good reason why your grocer should compel you to use inferior flour—no first class grocer will hesitate to order "Royal Household" for you, and even the smallest dealer will get it if you insist upon it.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.



Walker Pilot Range

'Quality will be remembered when price is forgotten'

Canada's Best Domestic Range

Special Hearth Construction, Large Common Sense Ash Pan, Cabinet Base, Proper Fire Box and Flues, Cast Iron Reservoir Casting, with Enamelled Ware Tank, Broiler Door and Pouch Feed Wood Extension, Oven Thermometer, Elegantly Nickelled, Full Standard Sizes Throughout. :: :: :: ::

Clare & Brockest

246 Princess St., Winnipeg

The Soo's Modern Train Service

The Manitoba Express, on the Soo Line between Winnipeg and Minneapolis and St. Paul, is the equal in appointment and comfort to any train service on this continent.

Two months ago this new service was inaugurated, and will be continued hereafter, much to the appreciation of the travelling public. Less than one-third of a century ago, the only vehicle employed to carry the weary traveller between Fort Garry and St. Paul was a heavy express wagon, sometimes called a stage-coach. If the old time Manitoban, who was wont to travel by the stage route prior to his passing over to join the silent majority, could only return just to make one trip between Winnipeg and St. Paul on the new train recently put on by the Soo Line, he would regret having passed away so soon.

While the buffet-library car is considered a star feature of the train, everything else is in accord, from the engine to the second-class coaches. The buffet and observation car is the first of its kind that has ever gone out of Winnipeg in the regular service of any railroad departing from the Prairie Capital.

The entire train is new and so luxuriously and comfortably decorated and furnished as to command the admiration of every passenger.

The fastest and most powerful locomotives that the management of the Soo Line could secure have been drafted for the Manitoba Express and this means that the trains will run on schedule time. The combination car comes next to the engine. While elegantly equipped, comfort has not been sacrificed, and the traveller on this Soo car can feel as much at home as at his club or in her parlor. It is a place to be at ease and escape tiresome troubles that often attend a long journey. There are magazines to read, and for those who wish to do correspondence, elaborate stationery is provided that is especially designed to go with the unique writing desks. Easy and comfortable lounging chairs are arranged along the sides, and at one end is the buffet, where refreshments can be secured at any hour. It is indeed an ideal club on wheels where one can enjoy oneself to the utmost.

This car and also the entire train is brilliantly illuminated with gas, and the Soo officials believe that they have found a light superior in brilliancy to that furnished by electricity. Next to the buffet car comes the sleeper, which is just as finely equipped and as handsomely decorated and furnished as the most advanced taste could wish. The berths are wide, the upholstery and carpets rich and soft, and the drawing-room is very spacious and comfortable.

The first and second class coaches are something that the Soo is proud of, and the rich soft carpets on the floor of the second class coach are apparently as luxurious as those in the Pullman, and about the only difference to be observed is that the car has a little more seating capacity than the first class coach and the seat backs are not quite so high. Patrons of second class coaches regard the Soo as a pleasing innovation, where comfort and ease are furnished at a minimum of cost. It is doubtful if there are any second class coaches in the world as elegant in appointment as those between Winnipeg and Minneapolis on the Soo Line. It would be impossible to describe in such a brief article all the many beauties, comforts and conveniences which are to be found on this train. On every hand the traveller's eye gazes on something new and agreeable, which makes a trip over the Soo Line a pleasure. The interior finish of the cars is most beautiful, the upholstery and carpets are in perfect harmony, and commendable taste is displayed in the fitting of all the cars. The dining car is a modern

buffet on wheels; the car itself is a gem, and if the company keeps it up to the present high standard, a meal on the Soo Line en route to Minneapolis will be indispensable. With such perfect trains it is only reasonable to suppose that the Soo officials prepared by putting down a perfect track.

A new main line track was laid from Winnipeg, via Emerson, to Glenwood, Minnesota, where it joins the Soo main line, and over which trains run to Minneapolis. The roadbed is sixteen feet in width and the ties are laid 3,000 to the mile, and embedded in gravel. The rails are 80-pound, the largest size used in the West. The cars glide along over the perfect track without giving the slightest jar or shake. The absence of dust is particularly noticeable and favorably commented on by passengers. The distance between Winnipeg and Minneapolis via the Soo Line is 451 miles, and the Manitoba Express negotiates this in four and one-third hours.

The moving spirit at the head of the passenger department of the Soo Line is Mr. W. R. Callaway, whose headquarters are in Minneapolis. Mr. Callaway is a railroad man of long experience and his chief consideration is to give the travelling public the best at a minimum of cost. He is well and favorably known in Winnipeg, where he has hosts of friends who appreciate the magnificent train service he has given them.

A Progressive Firm.

Our readers will observe on another page the advertisement of J. L. Orme & Son, of Ottawa, "Canada's great music house." The house was established 44 years ago, and through the progressive and fair business dealings of the firm it has reached the pinnacle of success. When the Orme firm put their stamp of approval on anything, you can depend upon it being the best, and in business dealing their word is as good as their bond.

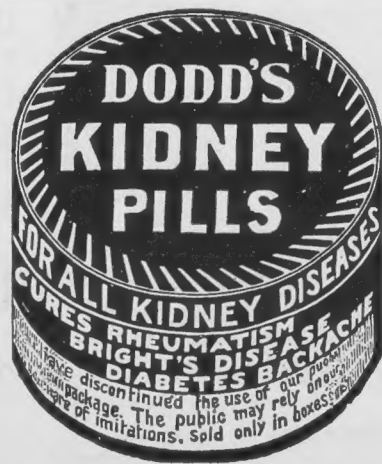
Mr. Geo. L. Orme, senior member of the firm, is very much interested—vitally so—in the growth of the Northwest. He is the owner of a large ranch in Southern Alberta and comes West each year for a couple of months to visit his son, who is managing the ranch.

Mr. Orme may be classed almost as much a westerner as he is an easterner, as his financial interests in the West assume large proportions. Westerners should remember this fact when they are sending East for music, musical instruments, or a piano.

The firm is most reliable and the members of it are gentlemen who will carry out every promise made in their advertising.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts.

We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.



THE ... CENTRAL CANADA

... INSURANCE COMPANY

FIRE INSURANCE HAIL INSURANCE
PURE-BRED REGISTERED LIVE STOCK INSURANCE

THESE LINES OF INSURANCE ARE OUR SPECIALITIES

Full information as to rates, etc., may be had from local agents or on application to

HEAD OFFICE:

BRANDON, MAN.

JOS. CORNELL,

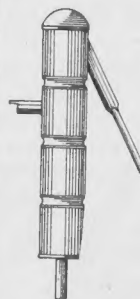
Manager.

WOOL MICA ROOFING



Manufactured in Canada, especially to withstand the severe contraction of the frost. American Paper Roofing is a failure in this respect. Fourteen years' experience has established the enduring quality of the All-Wool Mica Roofing. It is economy to use the best roofing. Used largely by the C. P. R. for the last 12 years continuously. Please send stamps for samples and booklet.

W. G. FONSECA & SON,
156 Higgins Ave., - WINNIPEG,
Agents for Western Canada.



PUMPS

All wood, turned, well-finished, painted, wood heads fitted for 1½ and 1½ inch iron pipe, Made to Stand Frost

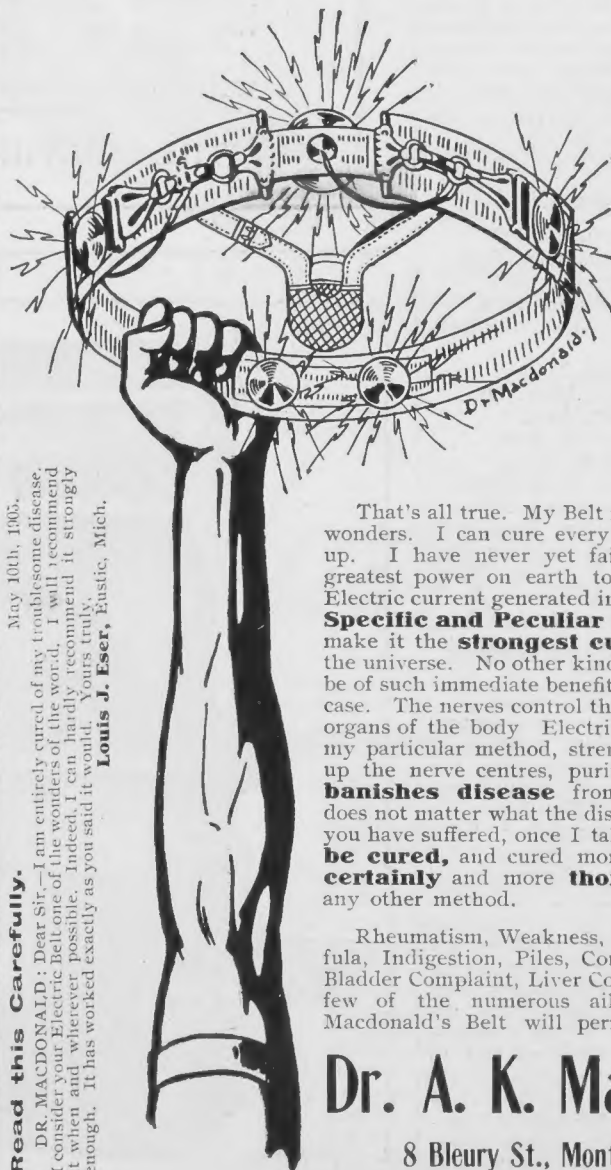
\$5.50

WRITE US!

We drill wells and have our own patent force pump, deep well steam pump, well drilling machinery, etc., etc.

T. H. MAXWELL, 178 RUPERT ST. WINNIPEG.

"I AM ENTIRELY CURED



of my
troublesome
disease. I
consider
your
Electric Belt
one of the
wonders
of the
world."

That's all true. My Belt is one of the world's wonders. I can cure every case which I take up. I have never yet failed. I apply the greatest power on earth to cure YOU. The Electric current generated in my Belt possesses **Specific and Peculiar Qualities**, which make it the **strongest curative force** in the universe. No other kind will act so well or be of such immediate benefit to your particular case. The nerves control the health of all the organs of the body. Electricity, as applied by my particular method, strengthens and builds up the nerve centres, purifies the blood, and **banishes disease** from the system. It does not matter what the disease is, or how long you have suffered, once I take it up you **will be cured**, and cured more **quickly**, more **certainly** and more **thoroughly** than by any other method.

Rheumatism, Weakness, Lame Back, Scrofula, Indigestion, Piles, Constipation, Dropsy, Bladder Complaint, Liver Complaint, are only a few of the numerous ailments which Dr. Macdonald's Belt will permanently cure.

Dr. A. K. Macdonald

8 Bleury St., Montreal, Que.

Read this Carefully.
May 10th, 1905.
DR. MACDONALD: Dear Sir, I am entirely cured of my troublesome disease. I consider your Electric Belt one of the wonders of the world. I will recommend it when and wherever possible. Indeed, I can hardly recommend it strongly enough. It has worked exactly as you said it would. Yours truly,
Louis J. Eser, Eustice, Mich.